

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1904.

*THE TRUANTS*¹

BY A. E. W. MASON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOMEWARDS.

THE two men smoked together upon the roof-top afterwards.

'I left a man at the gate all day,' said Warrisdén, 'to watch the track from Sefru. I had brought him from Algiers. I do not know how he came to miss you.'

'He could not know me,' said Tony, 'and I spoke to no one.'

'But he knew the mule!'

Tony was silent for a little while. Then he said, in a low grave voice, like a man speaking upon matters which he has no liking to remember :

'The mule was taken from me some days ago in the Ait Yussi country.' And Warrisdén upon that said :

'You had trouble then upon the way, great trouble.'

Again Tony was slow in the reply. He looked out across the city. It was a night of moonlight, so bright that the stars were pale and small as though they were withdrawn; there was no cloud anywhere about the sky; and on such a night, in that clear translucent air, the city, with its upstanding minarets, had a grace and beauty denied to it by day. There was something of enchantment in its aspect. Tony smoked his pipe in silence for a little while. Then he said :

'Let us not talk about it! I never thought that I would be sitting here in Fez to-night. Tell me rather when we start!'

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VOL. XVII.—NO. 100, N.S.

'Early to-morrow,' replied Warrisden. 'We must reach Roquebrune in the South of France by the thirty-first.'

Stretton suddenly sat back in his chair.

'Roquebrune! France!' he exclaimed. 'We must go there? Why?'

'I do not know,' Warrisden answered. 'A telegram reached me at Tangier. I kept it.'

He took the telegram from his pocket and handed it to Stretton, who read it and sat thinking.

'We have time,' said Warrisden, 'just time enough, I think, if we travel fast.'

'Good,' said Stretton, as he returned the telegram. 'But I was not thinking of the time.'

He did not explain what had caused him to start at the mention of Roquebrune; but after sitting for a little while longer in silence, he betook himself to bed.

Early the next morning they rode out of the Bab Sagma upon the thronged highway over the plain to Mequinez.

The caravans diminished, striking off into this or that track. Very soon there remained with them only one party of five Jews mounted on small donkeys. They began to ride through high shrubs and bushes of fennel over rolling ground. Stretton talked very little, and as the track twisted and circled across the plain he was continually standing up in his stirrups and searching the horizon.

'There does not seem to be one straight path in Morocco,' he exclaimed impatiently. 'Look at this one. There's no reason why it should not run straight. Yet it never does.'

Indeed, the track lay across that open plain like some brown monstrous serpent of a legend.

'I do not believe,' replied Warrisden, 'that there is a straight path anywhere in the world, unless it is one which has been surveyed and made, or unless it runs from gate to gate, and both gates are visible. One might think the animals made this track, turning and twisting to avoid the bushes. Only the tracks are no straighter in the desert where there are no bushes at all.'

They halted for half an hour at eleven, beside a bridge which crossed a stream, broken and ruinous, but still serviceable. And while they sat on the ground under the shadow they suddenly heard a great clatter of hoofs upon the broken cobbles; and looking up saw a body of men ride across the bridge. There were about

forty of them, young and old ; all were mounted, and in appearance as wild and ragged a set of bandits as could be imagined. As they rode over the bridge they saw Warrisdén and Stretton seated on the ground beneath them ; and without a word or a shout they halted as one man. Their very silence was an intimidating thing.

‘Z’mur,’ whispered Ibrahim. He was shaking with fear. Warrisdén noticed that the two soldiers who accompanied them on this journey to Mequinez quietly mounted their horses. Stretton and Warrisdén rose to do likewise. And as they rose a dozen of the mounted Z’mur quietly rode round from the end of the bridge and stood between them and the stream. Then the leader, a big man with a black beard turning grey, began to talk in a quiet and pleasant voice to the soldiers.

‘You are bringing Europeans into our country. Now why are you doing that ? We do not like Europeans.’

The soldiers no less pleasantly replied :

‘Your country ? The Europeans are travelling with a letter from your master and mine, my Lord the Sultan, to the Governor of Mequinez.’

‘You will show us then the letter ?’

‘I will do nothing of the kind,’ the soldier replied, with a smile. The Z’mur did not move ; the two soldiers sat upon their horses smiling—it seemed that matters had come to a deadlock. Meanwhile Warrisdén and Stretton got into their saddles. Then the leader of the Z’mur spoke again :

‘We passed five Jews riding on donkeys a little while ago. They were kind enough when we stopped them to give us a peseta apiece. We are going to Fez to offer our help to the Sultan, if only he will give us rifles and ammunition. But we shall go home again when we have got them. Perhaps the Europeans would like to give us a peseta apiece as well.’

‘I do not think they would like it at all,’ said the soldier. ‘Salem aleikum !’ and he turned his horse and, followed by Warrisdén and Stretton, the terrified Ibrahim, and the train of mules, he rode right through the forty Z’mur and over the bridge.

It was an awkward moment, but the men of Warrisdén’s party assumed with what skill they could an air of unconcern. Trouble was very near to them. It needed only that one of those wild tribesmen should reach out his hand and seize the bridle of a horse. But no hand was reached out. The Z’mur were caught in a moment

of indecision. They sat upon their horses motionless. They let the Europeans pass.

Ibrahim, however, drew no comfort from their attitude.

'It is because they wish rifles and ammunition from the Government,' he said. 'Therefore they will avoid trouble until they have got them. But with the next party it will not be so.'

There are three waterfalls in Morocco, and of those three one falls in a great cascade between red cliffs into a dark pool thirty feet below, close by the village of Medhuma. By this waterfall they lunched, the while Ibrahim bared his right arm to the shoulder, stretched himself full length upon the ground, and, to the infinite danger of the bystanders, practised shooting with his revolver. They lunched quickly and rode on. Towards evening, above a grove of trees on a hill, they saw here and there a minaret.

'Mequinez,' exclaimed Ibrahim. 'Schoof! Mequinez!'

In a little while fragments of thick wall began to show, scattered here and there about the plain. Brown walls, high and crumbling to ruin, walls that never had been walls of houses, but which began and ended for no reason. They were all that was left of the work of Mulai Ismail, who, in the seventeenth century, had built and planned buildings about this town until death put an end to all his architecture. There was to be a wall across the country, from Fez to Morocco city far away in the south, so that the blind, of which this kingdom still has many, and then was full, might pass from one town to another without a guide. Part of that wall was built, and fragments of it rise amongst the oleanders and the bushes to this day.

The travellers entered now upon a park. A green mossy turf spread out soft beneath the feet of their horses, dwarf oaks made everywhere a pleasant shade; Stretton had lost sight now of the minarets, and no sign of Mequinez was visible at all. The ground sloped downwards, the track curved round a hill, and suddenly on the opposite side of a valley they saw the royal city, with its high walls and gates, its white houses, its green-tiled mosques, and its old grey massive palaces stretch along the hillside before their eyes.

One of the soldiers rode forward into the town to find the Basha and present his letters. A troop of men came out in a little time and led the travellers up the cobbled stones through a gateway into the wide space before the Renegade's Gate, that wonderful monument of Moorish art which neither the wear of the centuries nor the neglect of its possessors has availed to destroy. Its tiles

are broken. The rains have discoloured it, stones have fallen from their places. Yet the gate rises, majestic yet most delicate, beautiful in colour, exquisite in shape, flanked with massive pillars and surmounted by its soaring arch, a piece of embroidery in stone, fine as though the stone were lace. By the side of this arch the camp was pitched just about the time when the horses and mules are brought down to roll in the dust of the square and to drink at the two great fountains beyond the gate.

Later in that evening there came a messenger from the Basha with servants bearing bowls of kouss-kouss.

'Fourteen soldiers will ride with you to-morrow,' he said, 'for the country is not safe. It will be well if you start early, for you have a long way to go.'

'The earlier the better,' said Stretton.

'It will do if you breakfast at five—half-past five,' said Ibrahim, to whom punctuality was a thing unknown. 'And start at six—half-past six.'

'No,' said Warrisden. 'We will start at five—half-past five.'

That night a company of soldiers kept guard about the tents, and passed the hours of darkness in calling to one another and chanting one endless plaintive melody. Little sleep was possible to the two Englishmen, and to one of them sleep did not come at all. Now and then Warrisden dropped off and waked again; and once or twice he struck a match and lit his candle. Each time that he did this he saw Stretton lying quite motionless in his bed on the other side of the tent. Tony lay with the bed-clothes up to his chin, and his arms straight down at his sides, in some uncanny resemblance to a dead man. But Warrisden saw that all the while his eyes were open. Tony was awake with his troubles and perplexities, keeping them to himself as was his wont, and slowly searching for an issue. That he would hit upon the issue he did not doubt. He had these few days for thought, and it was not the first time that he had had to map out a line of conduct. His course might be revealed to him at the very last moment, as it had been on the trawler in the North Sea. Or it might flash upon him in a second, as the necessity to desert had flashed upon him amidst the aloes of Ain-Sefra. Meanwhile he lay awake and thought.

They started early that morning, and crossing a valley, mounted on to that high wide plain Djebel Zarhon and Djebel Geronan. They left the town of Mequinez behind them; its minarets dropped out of sight. They had come into a most empty world. Not a

tent-village stood anywhere beside the track. Far away to the right in a deep recess the white sacred town of Mulai Idris fell down the dark side of Zarhon like a cascade. A little further an arch of stone and a few pillars rising from the plain showed where once the Romans had built their town of Volubilis. But when that was passed there was no sign of life anywhere at all. For hours they rode in a desolate, beautiful world. Bushes of asphodel, white with their starry flowers, brushed against them; plants of iris, purple and yellow, stood stirrup-high upon their path; and at times the bushes would cease, and they would ride over a red carpet of marigolds, which would pale away into the gold of the mustard flower. Flowers were about them all that day, but no living things. Even the air above their heads was still. The country seemed too empty even for the birds.

At eleven o'clock they stopped beside a stream which ran prettily between trees across their path.

'We shall find no more water until evening,' said Ibrahim. 'We will stop here.'

Stretton dismounted, and said:

'We can send the mules on and catch them up. It will save time.'

The soldiers shook their heads.

'We are in the Berber country,' they said. 'We must not separate.'

Stretton looked around impatiently.

'But there is no one within miles,' he exclaimed; and, as if to contradict him, a man walked out from the bushes by the stream and came towards them. He had been robbed on this very track not two hours before by eleven mounted Berbers. He had been driving three mules laden with eggs and food to Mulai Idris, and his mules and their loads had been taken from him. He was walking home, absolutely penniless. His whole fortune had been lost that day; and when once again the travellers started upon their journey he ran at a trot beside their horses for safety's sake.

The road mounted now on to stony and mountainous country. It wound continually, ascending in and out amongst low round peaks towards the summit of a great line of hills which ran from east to west opposite to them against the sky.

'Beyond the hills,' cried Ibrahim, 'is the plain of the Sebou.'

A big village crowned the hill just where the track ascended.

It had been placed there to protect the road. In a little while they came to the brow of the hill, and suddenly they saw, far below them, the great plain of the Sebou, green and level, dotted with villages and the white tombs of saints and clumps of trees, stretching away as far as the eye could reach. It was afternoon, not a cloud was in the sky, and the sun shone through the clear, golden air beneficently bright. The hillside fell away to the plain with a descent so sheer, the plain broke so abruptly upon the eyes, that the very beauty of the scene caught the breath away. Both Warrisdén and Stretton reined in their horses, and sat looking across the plain as a man might who suddenly from the crest of some white cliff sees for the first time the sea. And then Warrisdén heard his companion begin to hum a song. He caught some of the words, but not many.

'Oh, come out, mah love, I'm awaitin' foh you heah!'

Tony began, and suddenly checked himself with an expression of anger, as though the words had associations which it hurt him to recall.

'Let us ride on,' he said, and led the way down the steep, winding track towards the plain.

They pressed on that evening, and camped late in the Beni Hassan country. Stretton slept that night, but he slept fitfully. He had not yet come to the end of his perplexities, and as he rode away from their camping ground in the morning he said, impulsively:

'It is quite true. I have thought of it. I am to blame. I should have gone into the house that night.'

He was endeavouring to be just, and to this criticism of himself he continually recurred. He should have entered his house in Berkeley Square on the night when he contented himself with looking up to the lighted windows. He should have gone in and declared what was in his mind to do. Very likely he would have only have made matters worse. Contempt for a visionary would very likely have been added to the contempt for a ne'er-do-weel. Certainly no faith would have been felt by Millie in the success of his plan. He would have been asked, in a lukewarm way, to abandon it and stay at home. Still, he ought to have gone in. He had made a mistake that night.

All that day they rode through the Beni Hassan country westwards. The plain was level and monotonous; they passed village

after village, each one built in a circle round a great space of open turf into which the cattle were driven at night. For upon the hills, and in the forest of Mamura to the south, close by, the Z'mur lived, and between the Beni Hassan and the Z'mur there is always war. In the afternoon they came to the borders of that forest, and skirting its edge, towards evening reached the caravanserai of El Kantra.

The travellers saw it some while before they came to it—four high, smooth, castellated walls crowning a low hill. It stands upon the road from Fez to Rabat, and close to the road from Rabat to Larache, and a garrison guards it. For you could almost throw a stone from its walls into the trees of Mamura. Stretton and Warrisden rode round the walls to the gate, and as they passed beneath the arch both halted and looked back.

Outside was a quiet country of grey colours; the sun was near to its setting; far away the broken walls of the old Portuguese town of Mediyah stood upon a point of vantage on a hillside, like some ruined castle of the Tyrol. Inside the caravanserai all was noise and shouting and confusion. In the thickness of the walls there were little rooms or cells, and in these the merchants were making their homes for the night, while about them their servants and muleteers buzzed like a hive of bees. And the whole great square within the walls was one lake of filthy mud wherein camels, and mules, and donkeys, and horses rolled and stamped and fought. A deafening clamour rose to the skies. Every discordant sound that the created world could produce seemed to be brayed from that jostling throng of animals as from some infernal orchestra. And the smell of the place was fetid.

'Let us pitch our camp outside!' said Warrisden. But the captain of the garrison came hurrying up.

'No,' he cried excitedly. 'The Z'mur! The Z'mur!'

Stretton shrugged his shoulders.

'I am getting a little bored with the Z'mur,' said he.

'They have sent in word to us,' the captain continued, 'that they mean to attack us to-night.'

Stretton looked perplexed.

'But why send in word?' he asked.

The captain of the garrison looked astonished at the question.

'So that we may be ready for them, of course,' he replied quite seriously; for life in Morocco has some of the qualities of *opéra-bouffe*. 'So you must come inside. You have a letter from my lord the Basha of Fez, it is true. If the letter said you were to

sleep outside the walls of El Kantra, then I would kiss the seal and place it against my forehead, and bring out my five hundred men to guard you, and we should all get killed. But it does not say so.'

His five hundred men were really short of fifty. Stretton and Warrisden laughed; but they had to go inside the caravanserai. This was the last day on which they ran any risk. To-morrow they would cross the Sebou at Mediyah, and beyond the Sebou the way was safe.

They rode inside the caravanserai, and were allotted a cell which obtained some privacy from a hurdle fixed in the ground in front of it. The gates of the caravanserai were closed, the sunset flushed the blue sky with a hue of rose; the mueddhin came out upon the minaret which rose from the southern wall, and chanted in a monotone his call to prayer; and then a drummer and a bugler advanced into the crowded square. Suddenly there fell upon Stretton's ears, competing with the mueddhin and the uproar of the animals, the 'Last Post.'

Stretton started up, amazed, and most deeply moved. An English officer instructed the Moorish troops. What more natural than that he should introduce the English calls and signals? But to Stretton it seemed most wonderful that here, in this Eastern country, while the Mohammedan priest was chanting from his minaret, he should hear again, after so many years, that familiar tattoo sounded by an Eastern bugle and an Eastern drum. In how many barracks of England, he wondered, would that same 'Last Post' ring out to-night? And at once the years slipped away, the hard years of the North Sea and the Sahara. He was carried back among the days when he served in the Coldstreams. Then arose in his heart a great longing that something of the happiness of those days might be recaptured still.

Warrisden and Stretton crossed the Sebou the next morning, and rode with the boom of the Atlantic in their ears. Hills upon their left hand hid the sea from their eyes, and it was not until the next day, when they mounted on to a high tableland four hours from Larache, that they saw it rolling lazily towards the shore. They caught a steamer at Larache that night.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PAMELA MEETS A STRANGER.

MEANWHILE Pamela waited at the Villa Pontignard, swinging from hope to fear, and from fear again to hope. The days chased one another. She watched the arrival of each train from Marseilles at the little station below, with an expectant heart; and long after it had departed towards Italy, she kept within her vision the path-way up the hillside to the villa. But the travellers did not return. Expectation and disappointment walked alternately at her elbow all the day, and each day seemed endless. Yet, when the next day came, it had come all too quickly. Every morning it seemed to her, as she turned her calendar, that the days chased one another, racing to the month's end; every evening, tired out with her vigil, she wondered how they could pass so slowly. The thirty-first of the month dawned at last. At some time on this day Millie Stretton would arrive at Eze. She thought of it, as she rose, with a sinking heart; and then thrust thought aside. She dared not confront the possibility that the trains might stop at Roquebrune, and move on to Italy and discharge no passengers upon the platform. She dared not recognise her dread that this day might close and the darkness come as fruitlessly as all the rest. It was her last day of hope. Lionel Callon was waiting. Millie Stretton was arriving. To-morrow, Tony might come, but he would come too late. Pamela lived in suspense. Somehow the morning passed. The afternoon *Rapide* swept through towards Mentone. Pamela saw the smoke of the engine from her terrace, and knew that upon that train had come the passenger from England. Half-an-hour ago Millie had most likely stepped from her carriage on to the platform at Eze. And still Tony Stretton and Warrisden lingered.

Towards dusk she began to despair. In a little while another train was due. She heard its whistle, saw it stop at the station, and waited with her eyes fixed upon the hillside path. No one appeared upon it. She turned and went into the house. She thought for a moment of going herself to Eze, thrusting herself upon Millie at the cost of any snub; and while she debated whether the plan could at all avail, the door was opened, a servant spoke some words about a visitor, and a man entered the room. Pamela started to her feet. The man stood in the twilight of the room:

his back was against the light of the window. Pamela could not see his face. But it was not Warrisden, so much she knew at once. It could only be Tony Stretton.

'So you have come,' she cried. 'At last! I had given up hope.'

She advanced and held out her hand. And some reserve in Tony's attitude, something of coldness in the manner with which he took her hand, checked and chilled her.

'It is you?' she asked. 'I watched the path. The train has gone some while.'

'Yes, it is I,' he replied. 'I had to inquire my way at the village. This is the first time I ever came to Roquebrune.'

Still more than the touch of his hand and the reserve of his manner, the cold reticence of his voice chilled her. She turned to the servant abruptly:

'Bring lamps,' she said. She felt the need to see Tony Stretton's face. She had looked forward so eagerly to his coming; she had hoped for it, and despaired of it with so full a heart; and now he had come, and with him there had come, most unexpectedly, disappointment. She had expected ardour, and there was only, as it seemed, indifference and stolidity. She was prepared for a host of questions to be tumbled out upon her in so swift a succession that no time was given to her for an answer to any one of them; and he stood before her, seemingly cold as stone. Had he ceased to care for Millie, she wondered?

'You have come as quickly as you could?' she asked, trying to read his features in the obscurity.

'I have not lost a moment since I received your letter,' he answered.

She caught at the words, 'your letter.' Perhaps there lay the reason for his reserve. She had written frankly, perhaps too frankly she feared at this moment. Had the letter suddenly killed his love for Millie? Such things, no doubt, could happen—had happened. Disillusion might have withered it like a swift shaft of lightning.

'My letter,' she said. 'You must not exaggerate its meaning. You read it carefully?'

'Very carefully.'

'And I wrote it carefully,' she went on, pleading with his indifference; 'very carefully.'

'It contains the truth,' said Tony; 'I did not doubt that.'

'Yes; but it contains all the truth,' she urged. 'You must

not doubt that either. Remember, you yourself are to blame. I wrote that, didn't I? I meant it.'

'Yes, you wrote that,' answered Tony. 'I am not denying that you are right. It may well be that I am to blame. It may well be that you, too, are not quite free from blame. Had you told me that morning, when we rode together in the Row, what you had really meant when you said that I ought never to leave my wife ——' And at that Pamela interrupted him:

'Would you have stayed if I had explained?' she cried. And Tony for a moment was silent. Then he answered slowly:

'No; for I should not have believed you.' And then he moved for the first time since he had entered the room. 'However, it can do neither of us any good to discuss what we might have done had we known then what we know now.'

He stopped as the door opened. The lamps were brought in and set upon the tables. Tony waited until the servant had gone out, and the door was closed again; then he said:

'You sent a telegram. I am here in answer to it. I was to be at Roquebrune on the thirty-first. This is the thirty-first. Am I in time?'

'Yes,' said Pamela.

She could now see Tony clearly; and of one thing she at once was sure. She had been misled by the twilight of the room. Tony, at all events, was not indifferent. He stood before her travel-stained and worn. His face was haggard and thin; his eyes very tired, like the eyes of an old man; there were flecks of grey in his hair, and lines about his eyes. These changes she noticed, and took them at their true value. They were signs of the hard life he had lived during these years, and of the quick, arduous journey which he had made. But there was more. If Tony had spoken with a measured voice, it was in order that he might control himself the better. If he had stood without gesture or motion, it was because he felt the need to keep himself in hand. So much Pamela clearly saw. Tony was labouring under a strong emotion.

'Yes, you are in time,' she cried; and now her heart was glad. 'I was so set on saving both your lives, in keeping you and Millie for each other. Of late, since you did not come, my faith faltered a little. But it should not have faltered. You are here! You are here!'

'My wife is here, too?' asked Tony coldly; and Pamela's enthusiasm again was checked. 'Where is she?'

'She arrives in the south of France to-day. She stops at Eze. She should be there now.'

She had hoped to see the blood pulse into his face, and some look of gladness dawn suddenly in his eyes, some smile of forgiveness alter the stern set of his lips. But again she was disappointed.

Tony seemed to put his wife out of his thoughts.

'And since your message was so urgent,' he continued deliberately; 'it follows that Callon comes to-day as well,' and he repeated the name in a singularly soft, slow, and almost caressing voice. 'Lionel Callon,' he said.

And at once Pamela was desperately afraid. It needed just that name uttered in just that way to explain to her completely the emotion which Tony so resolutely controlled. She looked at him aghast. She had planned to bring back Tony to Millie and his home. The Tony Stretton whom she had known of old, the good-natured, kindly man who loved his wife, whom all men liked and none feared. And lo! she had brought back a stranger. And the stranger was dangerous. He was thrilling with anger, he was anticipating his meeting with Lionel Callon with a relish which, to Pamela, was dreadful.

'No,' she exclaimed eagerly. 'Mr. Callon has been here all this while, and Millie only comes to-day.'

'Callon has been waiting for her, then?' he asked implacably.

'Oh, I don't know,' Pamela exclaimed in despair. 'I have not spoken to him. How should I know?'

'Yet you have no doubts.'

'Well, then, no,' she said, 'I have no doubt that he is waiting here for Millie. But she only arrives to-day. They have not met until to-day. That is why I sent the telegram.'

Tony nodded his head.

'So that I might be present at the meeting?'

And Pamela could have cried out aloud. She had not thought, she had not foreseen. She had fixed all her hopes on saving Millie. Set upon that, she had not understood that other and dreadful consequences might ensue. These consequences were vivid enough before her eyes now. All three would meet—Tony, Millie, and Lionel Callon. What would follow? What might not follow? Pamela closed her eyes. Her heart sank; she felt faint at the thought of what she had so blindly brought about.

'Tony!' she exclaimed. She wrung her hands together, pleading with him in short and broken sentences. 'Don't think of him! . . . Think of Millie. You can gain her back! . . . I am very sure. . . I wrote that to you, didn't I? . . . Mr. Callon. . . It is not worth while . . . He is of no account. . . Millie was lonely, that was all. . . There would be a scandal, at the best . . .' And Tony laughed harshly.

'Oh, it is not worth while,' she cried again piteously, and yet again, 'it is not worth while.'

'Yet I am anxious to meet him,' said Tony.

Suddenly Pamela looked over his shoulder to the door, and for a moment, hope brightened on her face. But Stretton understood the look, and replied to it.

'No, Warrisen is not here. I left him behind with our luggage at Monte Carlo.'

'Why did he stay?' cried Pamela, as again her hopes fell.

'He could hardly refuse. This is my affair, not his. I claimed to-night. He will come to you, no doubt, to-morrow.'

'You meant him to stay behind, then?'

'I meant to see you alone,' said Tony; and Pamela dared question him no more, though the questions thronged in her mind and tortured her. Was it only because he wished to see her alone that he left Warrisen behind? Was it not also so that he might not be hampered afterwards? Was it only so that another might not know of the trouble between himself and Millie? Or was it not so that another might not be on hand to hinder him from exacting retribution? Pamela was appalled. Tony was angry—yes, that was natural enough. She would not have felt half her present distress if he had shown his passion in tempestuous words, if he had threatened, if he had raved. But there was so much deliberation in his anger, he had it so completely in control; it was an instrument which he meant to use, not a fever which might master him for a moment and let him go.

'You are so changed,' she cried. 'I did not think of that when I wrote to you. But, of course, these years and the Foreign Legion could not but change you.'

She moved away, and sat down holding her head between her hands. Stretton did not answer her words in any way. He moved towards her, and asked:

'Is Callon, too, at Eze?'

'No, no,' she cried, raising her head, thankful, at last, that

here was some small point on which she could attenuate his suspicions. 'You are making too much of the trouble.'

'Yet you wrote the letter to me. You also sent the telegram. You sent me neither the one nor the other without good reason.' And Pamela dropped her eyes again from his face.

'If Callon is not at Eze,' he insisted, 'he is close by!'

Pamela did not answer. She sat trying to compose her thoughts. Suppose that she refused to answer, Tony would go to Eze. He might find Millie and Callon there. On the other hand, it was unlikely that he would. Pamela had seen that quiet, solitary restaurant by the sea where Callon lodged. It was there that they would be, she had no doubt.

'Where is Callon?' asked Tony. 'Where does he stay?'

Pamela closed her ears to the question, working still at the stern problem of her answer. If she refused to tell him what he asked, Millie and Callon might escape for to-night. That was possible. But, then, to-morrow would come. Tony must meet them to-morrow in any case, and to-morrow he might be too late.

'I will tell you,' she answered, and she described the place. And in another minute she was alone. She heard the front door close, she heard Tony's step upon the gravel of the garden path, and then all was silent. She sat holding her throbbing temples in her hands. Visions rose before her eyes, and her fear made them extraordinarily luminous and vivid. She saw that broad, quiet terrace over the sea where she had lunched, the lonely restaurant, the windows of that suite of rooms open on to the terrace. A broad column of light streamed out from the window in her vision. She could almost hear voices and the sound of laughter, she imagined the laughter all struck dumb, and thereafter a cry of horror stabbing the night. The very silence of the villa became a torture to her. She rose and walked restlessly about the room. If she could only have reached Warrisdén! But she did not even know to which hotel in all the hotels of Monte Carlo he had gone. Tony might have told her that, had she kept her wits about her and put the question with discretion. But she had not. She had no doubt that Stretton had purposely left him behind. Tony wished for no restraining hand, when at last he came face to face with Lionel Callon. She sat down, and tried to reason out what would happen. Tony would go first to Eze. Would he find Millie there? Perhaps. Most likely he would not. He would go on then to the restaurant on the Corniche road. But he would have wasted some

time. It might be only a little time; still, however short it was, what was waste of time to Tony might be gain of time to her—if only she could find a messenger.

Suddenly she stood up. There was a messenger, under her very hand. She scribbled a note to Lionel Callon, hardly knowing what she wrote. She bade him go the instant when he received it, go at all costs without a moment's delay. Then, taking the note in her hand, she ran from the villa down the road to Roquebrune.

CHAPTER XXX.

M. GIRAUD AGAIN.

THE dusk was deepening quickly into darkness. As she ran down the open stretch of hillside between her villa and the little town, she saw the lights blaze out upon the terrace of Monte Carlo. Far below her upon her right they shone like great opals, each with a heart of fire. Pamela stopped for a second to regain her breath before she reached Roquebrune. The sudden brightness of those lights carried her thoughts backwards to the years when the height of trouble for her had been the sickness of a favourite horse, and all her life was an eager expectation. On so many evenings she had seen those lights flash out through the gathering night while she had sat talking in her garden with the little schoolmaster whom she was now to revisit. To both of them those lights had been a parable. They had glowed in friendliness and promise—thus she had read the parable—out of a great, bright, gay world of men and women, upon a cool, twilit garden of youth and ignorance. She thought of what had come in place of all that imagined gaiety. To the schoolmaster, disappointment and degradation; while, as for herself, she felt very lonely upon this evening. 'The world is a place of great sadness.' Thus had M. Giraud spoken when Pamela had returned to Roquebrune from her first season in London, and the words now came back to her again.

She ran on through the narrow streets of Roquebrune, her white frock showing in the light from the shops and windows. She wore no hat upon her head, and more than one of the people in the street called to her as she passed and asked her whether she needed help. Help, indeed, she did need, but not from them. She came to the tiny square whence the steps led down to the station.

On the west side of the square stood the schoolhouse, and, close by, the little house of the schoolmaster. A light burned in a window of the ground floor. Pamela knocked loudly upon the door. She heard a chair grate upon the floor-boards. She knocked again, and the door was opened. It was the schoolmaster himself who opened it.

'M. Giraud!' she exclaimed, drawing her breath quickly. The schoolmaster leaned forward and stared at the white figure which stood in the darkness just outside his porch; but he made no reply.

'Let me in!' cried Pamela; and he made a movement as though to bar the way. But she slipped quickly past him into the room. He closed the door slowly and followed her.

The room was bare. A deal table, a chair or two, and a few tattered books on a hanging bookshelf made up all its furniture. Pamela leaned against the wall with a hand to her heart. M. Giraud saw her clearly now. She stood only a few feet from him in the light of the room. She was in distress; yet he spoke harshly.

'Why have you come?' he cried; and she answered, piteously, 'I want your help.'

At that a flame of anger kindled within him. He saw her again, after all this long time of her absence—her whose equal he had never spoken with. Her dark hair, her eyes, the pure outline of her face, her tall, slim figure, the broad forehead—all the delicacy and beauty of her—was a torture to him. The sound of her voice, with its remembered accents, hurt him as he had thought nothing could ever hurt him again.

'Really!' he cried, in exasperation. 'You want help; so you come to me. Without that need would you have come? No, indeed. You are a woman. Get your fine friends to help you!'

There were other follies upon his tongue, but he never spoke them. He looked at Pamela, and came to a stop.

Pamela had entered the cottage bent with a single mind upon her purpose—to avert a catastrophe at the little restaurant on the Corniche road. But M. Giraud was before her, face to face with her, as she was face to face with him. She saw him clearly in the light as he saw her; and she was shocked. The *curé* had prepared her for a change in her old comrade, but not for so complete a disfigurement. The wineshop had written its sordid story too legibly upon his features. His face was bloated and red, the veins stood

out upon the cheeks and the nose like threads of purple; his eyes were yellow and unwholesome. M. Giraud had grown stout in body, too; and his dress was slovenly and in disrepair. He was an image of degradation and neglect. Pamela was shocked, and betrayed the shock. She almost shrank from him at the first; there was almost upon her face an expression of aversion and disgust. But sorrow drove the aversion away, and immediately her eyes were full of pity; and these swift changes M. Giraud saw and understood.

She was still his only window on the outside world. That was the trouble. By her expression he read his own decline more surely than in his mirror. Through her he saw the world; through her, too, he saw what manner of figure he presented to the world. Never had he realised how far he had sunk until this moment. He saw, as in a picture, the young schoolmaster of the other days who had read French with the pupil, who was more his teacher than his pupil, upon the garden terrace of the Villa Pontignard—a youth full of dreams, which were vain, no doubt, but not ignoble. There was a trifle of achievement, too. For even now one of the tattered books upon his shelf was a copy of his brochure on Roquebrune and the Upper Corniche road. With perseverance, with faith—he understood it in a flash—he might have found, here, at Roquebrune, a satisfaction for those ambitions which had so tortured him. There was a field here for the historian had he chosen to seize on it. Fame might have come to him, though he never visited the great cities and the crowded streets. So he thought, and then he realised what he had become. It was true he had suffered great unhappiness. Yet so had she—Pamela Mardale; and she had not fallen from her pedestal. Here shame seized upon him. He lowered his eyes from her face.

‘Help!’ he stammered. ‘You ask me to help you? Look at me! I can give you no help!’

He suddenly broke off. He sat down at the table, buried his face in his hands, and burst into tears. Pamela crossed to him and laid her hand very gently upon his shoulder. She spoke very gently, too.

‘Oh, yes, you can,’ she said.

He drew away from her, but she would not be repulsed.

‘You should never have come to me at all,’ he sobbed. ‘Oh, how I hate that you should see me like this. Why did you come? I did not mean you to see me. You must have known that!’

You must have known, too, why. It was not kind of you, mademoiselle. No, it was not kind !'

'Yet I am glad that I came,' said Pamela. 'I came, thinking of myself, it is true—my need is so very great; but now I see your need is as great as mine. I ask you to rise up and help me.'

'No, leave me alone !' he cried. And she answered, gently, 'I will not.'

M. Giraud grew quiet. He pressed his handkerchief to his eyes, and stood up.

'Forgive me !' he said. 'I have behaved like a child; but you would forgive me if you knew how I have waited and waited for you to come back. But you never did. Each summer I said: "She will return in the winter!" And the winter came, and I said: "She will come in the spring." But neither in the winter nor in the spring did you return to Roquebrune. I have needed you so badly all these years.'

'I am sorry,' replied Pamela; 'I am very sorry.'

She did not reproach herself at all. She could not see, indeed, that she was to blame. But she was none the less distressed. Giraud's exhibition of grief was so utterly unfamiliar to her that she felt awkward and helpless in face of it. He was yet further disfigured now by the traces of weeping; his eyes were swollen and red. There was something grotesque in the aspect of this drink-swollen face, all convulsed with sorrow. Nothing could well be less in sympathy with Pamela's nature than Giraud's outburst and display of tears; for she was herself reticent and proud. She held her head high as she walked through the world, mistress alike of her sorrows and her joys. But Mr. Mudge had spoken the truth when he had called upon her in Leicestershire. Imagination had come to her of late. She was able to understand the other point of view—to appreciate that there were other characters than hers which must needs fulfil themselves in ways which were not hers. She put herself now in M. Giraud's place. She imagined him waiting and waiting at Roquebrune, with his one window on the outside world closed and shuttered—a man in a darkened room who most passionately desired the air without. She said, with a trace of hesitation:

'You say you have needed me very much ?'

'Oh, have I not ?' exclaimed Giraud; and the very weariness of his voice would have convinced her, had she needed conviction.

It seemed to express the dilatory passage of the years during which he had looked for her coming, and had looked in vain.

'Well, then, listen to me,' she went on. 'I was once told that to be needed by those whom one needs is a great comfort. I thought of the saying at the time, and I thought that it was a true one. Afterwards'—she began to speak slowly, carefully selecting her words—'it happened that in my own experience I proved it to be true, at all events for me. Is it true for you, also? Think well. If it is not true I will go away as you bade me at the beginning; but if it is true—why, then I may be of some little help to you, and you will be certainly a great help to me; for I need you very surely.'

M. Giraud looked at her in silence for a little while. Then he answered her with simplicity, and so, for the first time during this interview, wore the proper dignity of a man.

'Yes, I will help you,' he said. 'What can I do?'

She held out the letter which she had written to Lionel Callon. She bade him carry it with the best speed he could to its destination.

'Lose no time!' she implored. 'I am not sure but it may be that one man's life, and the happiness of a man and a woman besides, all hang upon its quick receipt.'

M. Giraud took his hat from the wall and went to the door. At the door he paused, and standing thus, with an averted face, he said in a whisper, recalling the words she had lately spoken:

'There is one, then, whom you need? You are no longer lonely in your thoughts? I should like to know.'

'Yes,' Pamela answered, gently; 'I am no longer lonely in my thoughts.'

'And you are happy?' he continued. 'You were not happy when you were at Roquebrune last. I should like to know that you, at all events, are happy now.'

'Yes,' said Pamela. In the presence of his distress she rather shrank from acknowledging the change which had come over her. It seemed cruel; yet he clearly wished to know. He clearly would be the happier for knowing. 'Yes,' she said; 'I am happy.'

'I am very glad,' said M. Giraud, in a low voice; 'I am very glad.' And he went rather quickly out by the door.

(To be continued.)

WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, AND GRANT.

BY GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON, D.C.L.

By the general judgment of the English-speaking world, Washington, Lincoln, and Grant are accepted as the three greatest Americans—Washington the founder, Lincoln the liberator, and Grant the saviour of our country. With the *pater patrie* I enjoyed agreeable associations in early youth through intimacy with several of those who were nearest and dearest to him; with the martyr-President it was my privilege to be well acquainted during a period of six years; and with the illustrious soldier I was on terms of close friendship for almost a quarter of a century. While many persons have known Lincoln and Grant, and a few were acquainted with Washington and Lincoln, so far as I am aware but one person was ever born into this world who knew the triumvirate of uncrowned American kings. That individual was Horace Binney, leader of the Philadelphia Bar, and among the foremost leaders of the profession throughout the land, with whom I spent a memorable hour in the year 1874. During that delightful interview he stated that when a youth his home was near President Washington's Philadelphia residence, that he had met him almost daily for several years, and that he frequently held conversations with the General. Mr. Binney also mentioned the interesting fact that he had been acquainted with every President of the United States up to the time of Grant, during whose second Administration he passed away at the great age of ninety-five.

In the victory that was won at Saratoga in October 1777, the hero of the battle—in its results one of the decisive engagements of the world—was not the American commander, but Benedict Arnold. A few weeks after that great event, the Commander-in-Chief complimented Arnold upon his gallantry, and said to him in his stately manner: 'I understand, sir, that in the Battle of Saratoga, where you rendered such valuable service to your country, you lost your sleeve-links. Will you do me the honour to accept this pair, which I have worn several months, and of which I have duplicates?' When General Arnold became a traitor to his native land, and Washington, with righteous indignation, had denounced his base

treachery in bitter and burning words, he no longer found pleasure in the possession of the sleeve-links, and so he presented them to Colonel Tarleton, the only British officer who had treated him with any degree of courtesy. When Tarleton returned with the British Army to the Old World, he gave Washington's gift to his military secretary, an American Loyalist, and when he died they were left to his only son, Fitz-Greene Halleck. When the poet passed away, he bequeathed them to a young army friend who later became his biographer, and also the author of this article, who is the proud possessor of the beautiful gold sleeve-links.

Several years before the commencement of the American Civil War there was a house party in a spacious Virginia mansion on the banks of the Potomac, assembled together for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of Washington's birth. The host was Washington's adopted son, the hostess his only daughter, Mary, wife of Robert E. Lee, then Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second United States Cavalry. The day was devoted chiefly to listening to charming recollections of Mr. Custis, who had lived with his father, as he called Washington, for eighteen years; to looking at Washington's letters, his books, his swords, his canes, his jewellery, and, in short, to innumerable articles hallowed by associations with him. It was a red-letter day—in the words of Carlyle, 'A day never to be forgotten in this world.' Alas! of all that happy house party, the Richmond beauties, the Baltimore belles, the young Virginians, and the two college students from the North, the writer is the only survivor. The place of that memorable meeting was Arlington, now a national cemetery. There rests that *beau sabreur*, gallant Phil Sheridan, and around him are buried several thousand of those roughriders who followed him on many a well-fought field.

A few days later the present writer was the guest, in the city of Washington, of a venerable lady whose hair was silvered by the snows of ninety-six winters. In early life she and my godmother, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, were taught in Albany, New York, by the same governess. They parted at the age of thirteen, and never met again. The broad Atlantic rolled between them, but they continued to correspond for three score and ten years. Elizabeth Schuyler, at the age of eighteen, spent the winter with General and Mrs. Washington, when the army was quartered at Morristown, New Jersey. Among her many admirers was a young captain of artillery to whom she gave her heart and hand, and they were married in her father's (General Philip Schuyler) house in Albany,

124 years ago. At the time of my visit she had been separated by death from her young captain for more than half a century, but she still loved to speak of him and of his great chief, with whom he was a staff officer later on, with the rank of colonel. She described Washington as the most majestic and magnificent of men, and the finest horseman of his age. Mounted on one of his fiery chargers, he was always an inspiration to his troops. When I bade this venerable woman a final farewell, she said to me, 'My dear young friend, you may be glad to remember hereafter that the same hand that your lips have just pressed was often pressed by the lips of Washington.' A year later I saw her placed by the side of her young captain under the shadows of Trinity Church, New York. That young captain's fame as the most brilliant of American statesmen has flown to the four quarters of the globe. His name was Alexander Hamilton.

A few years after the Civil War was closed by Grant at Appomattox, the writer was a guest in one of England's great houses. The estate of between 6,000 and 7,000 acres was purchased by the British Government at a cost of 300,000*l.*, and, together with a dukedom and 10,000*l.* a year, was presented to a successful soldier for a day's work at Waterloo. Another equally important battle was won at Gettysburg by General Meade—a battle not surpassed in importance by any fought since Saxon Harold fell at Hastings 800 years ago, but I never heard that he received an estate of any kind or an accession of rank or emolument from our Republican Government. When I entered the Strathfieldsaye drawing-room for the first time with the Duke of Wellington's eldest son and heir, I was surprised and delighted to see one of Gilbert Stuart's noble portraits of Washington occupying the place of honour in the handsome apartment. 'Where did you find that fine picture?' asked the American. 'Oh,' said the second Duke, 'my father hung it there almost half a century ago.' I then inquired, 'Did your father admire Washington?' 'My father,' was the Duke's reply, 'deemed Washington the purest and noblest character of modern time—possibly of all time, and considering the raw troops with which he had to oppose the trained and veteran soldiers of England, also a great general.'

Another interesting statement which the second Duke made to me was that when his father was assigned to the command of an expedition to be sent out against the city of Washington and New Orleans in 1814, he declined the command chiefly on the ground

that he would not fight against Washington's countrymen. And when his Government asked for the names of three officers from whom a commander could be selected, Wellington wrote, 'Sir Edward Pakenham, Sir Edward Pakenham, Sir Edward Pakenham,' and so poor Sir Edward, his brother-in-law, was sent to New Orleans to meet his death in the most disastrous defeat ever sustained by a British Army.

Six years ago, a young cavalry officer who followed Grant down the Mississippi valley wrote the General's life, and sent a copy to Gladstone, with whom he enjoyed the privilege of an acquaintance. In the course of his biography the author drew a comparison between Washington and Grant. Soon after an acknowledgment came from the great Christian statesman, in which some pleasant compliments were paid to the volume, the communication closing with these words: 'America is indeed a happy country if she can produce men worthy to be compared to the excellence of Washington, who has been a guide to my path all the days of my long life.' That letter is among my most valued literary treasures. Another one, containing but two lines, written and signed by W. M. Thackeray, is as follows: 'Washington was the very noblest, purest, bravest, best of God's men.'

When at the close of the Civil War the oldest of American universities called upon James Russell Lowell to sing the requiem of her own heroic dead, the poet made the 'Commemoration Ode' a pedestal on which he placed the statue of one whom he called 'The First American.' Again Lowell said:

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.

My first talk with that extraordinary man was in the year 1858, when he was engaged in the celebrated debate with Douglas—a debate which terminated in a victory for the 'Little Giant,' who regained his seat in the United States Senate; but Mr. Lincoln won a still higher place—the presidency. I was introduced by one of my father's friends, an Illinois judge; we found the future chief magistrate in a shabby little uncarpeted office over a grocer's shop. He was a man of unusual height, six feet four inches, being four inches taller than Washington, and nearly nine inches taller than Grant. His face was rugged and swarthy, with coarse rebellious hair; he had long arms and limbs, huge hands and feet, and his greyish-

brown eyes were the saddest I ever saw. But when a good story was told by himself, or another, Lincoln's face lighted up until he was positively handsome.

During that memorable hour he was asked from what part of the country his ancestors came, and he replied: 'Well, my young friend, I believe the first English ancestor came to Massachusetts in 1638, and settled in Hingham or Hanghim—which was it judge?' The latter then said to Mr. Lincoln that I had mentioned some remarkable stories recently told by Mr. Custis at Arlington, including the statement that Washington was the strongest man of his generation, and that he was a famous wrestler, then a favourite amusement with Virginians, and that he had never been thrown. Lincoln then remarked: 'It is a curious thing, my young friend, but that is precisely my record: I could outlift any man in Illinois when I was a youth, and I never was thrown. If George was around now, I should be pleased to have a tussle with him, and I rather believe that one of the plain people of Illinois would be able to keep up his end against the aristocrat of Old Virginia.' Mr. Lincoln was fond of being known as one of the plain people. I frequently heard him use the expression. On one occasion he said, 'Well, I believe the Lord must love the plain people because He has made so many of them.' Washington and Lincoln certainly possessed 'the wrestling thews that throw the world.'

Something was said about the wild-cat currency of an earlier period, a species of Western paper money worth about as much as Confederate currency after Lee's surrender at Appomattox. Lincoln's story was that he was going down the Mississippi in the 'thirties. The wood then used on the steamers was getting low, and the captain ordered the pilot to steer in to the nearest wood pile. When they reached the bank of the river, the captain said to the man on shore: 'Is that your wood?' 'Certainly.' 'Do you want to sell it?' 'Yes.' 'Will you take wild-cat currency?' 'Of course.' 'How will you take it?' 'Cord for cord,' answered the owner.

The mention of Washington's name doubtless suggested to Lincoln the following droll story about attending a few days previous, a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the State Lunatic Asylum, situated near Springfield. As the day was cold and the long hall chilly, he deemed it prudent to wear his hat as he walked through. When about midway, a little lunatic darted out of a door, stopped in front of Mr. Lincoln, swelled out his chest, and looking very

indignant, said : ' Sir, I am amazed that you should presume to wear your hat in the presence of Christopher Columbus.' Removing his hat, Mr. Lincoln said, ' I beg your pardon, Christopher Columbus,' and passed on to the meeting. Returning, half an hour later, having forgotten the incident, and with his hat on again, the little lunatic darted out from the same door, and, drawing himself up as before, exclaimed : ' Sir, I am astounded that you should dare to wear your hat in the presence of General Washington.' ' Excuse me, General,' and Lincoln took off his hat, ' but it seems to me that half an hour ago you said you were Christopher Columbus.' ' Oh, yes ; that is quite correct, *but that was by another mother.*'

Years passed, and General Grant gave me leave of absence to go to Washington to see a younger brother who had been mortally wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg. After seeing him, I called upon the President, who said : ' What brings you to Washington, Colonel ? ' When informed, he remarked, ' If you will come in this afternoon at four o'clock, we will walk out to the Georgetown Hospital and see the young captain.' When we arrived there the President saw, or thought he saw, a strong resemblance between my brother and the son whom he had lost the year previous. This interested him so much that the following day Mrs. Lincoln drove out with us, and she saw the same striking resemblance. Almost daily during the fortnight that my brother survived, the President saw the young soldier, and Mrs. Lincoln sent him little delicacies made by herself. This incident is introduced to illustrate the fact that the President was one of the kindest-hearted of men, of whom it may be said, in the words of Bassanio, applied to his Venetian friend, ' The kindest man, the best conditioned and unwearied spirit in doing courtesies.'

On one occasion the President and the Secretary of State, accompanied by a young army officer, attended a review near Arlington. There was an ambulance provided, drawn by four mules, and when the party reached the Virginia side of the Potomac, where the roads were badly cut up by the army trains, the driver had so much difficulty with the mules that he began to swear, and the worse the roads became, the more profanity. At this point the President said in his pleasant manner, ' Driver, my friend.' The driver looked around, when Mr. Lincoln asked, ' Are you an Episcopalian ? ' Of course he was astonished, and he answered : ' No, Mr. President, I ain't much of anything. If I go to church at all, I go to the Methodist church.' ' Oh, excuse me,' replied

Lincoln, 'I thought you must be an Episcopalian, for you swear just like Seward, and he's a churchwarden.'

Dining at the White House one evening, I sat conversing with Mrs. Lincoln after the other guests had departed and the President had gone to his library. It was late when the cards of the Secretary of State and Mr. Washburne, a member of Congress from Illinois, were brought in. When they entered, Mr. Seward said that they had called to show the President the gold medal, just received from the Philadelphia mint, which was voted by Congress to General Grant for his capture of Vicksburg. When Mr. Lincoln entered it was handed to him, and, approaching a small centre-table on which there was a droplight, he opened the morocco case containing the medal upside down. After a time the writer ventured to remark: 'What is the obverse of the medal, Mr. President.' He looked up, and turning to Seward, said, 'I suppose by his obverse the Colonel means t'other side!' There was no sting in this, and the victim joined in the laugh. Indeed, Lincoln was too kind-hearted to exercise his trenchant power of repartee. 'Wit laughs at everybody,' he said, 'humour laughs *with* everybody.' Lincoln's jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the sea of troubles that almost overwhelmed him, he affected a serenity that he was far from feeling, so that his fun and mirth at momentous epochs were censured by dullards like the Secretary of War, who could not comprehend their philosophy.

I was so fortunate as to be within a few yards of the President when he delivered the second inaugural address, which is one of the gems of the English language, and few existing writings are likely to outlive it. A fortnight later I was invited to accompany the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and a young lady to the theatre. He sat in the rear of the box, leaning his head against the partition, paying no attention to the play, and looking so worn and weary that it would not have been surprising had his soul and body separated that very night. I said, 'Mr. President, you are not apparently interested in this play.' 'Oh, no, Colonel,' he replied, 'I do not come here for the play, but for rest. I am being hounded to death by office-seekers who pursue me early and late, and it is simply to get two or three hours' relief from them that I am here.' He then closed his eyes, and I turned to the ladies. A moment later I felt his heavy hand on my shoulder. Turning, to my surprise I saw the President sitting erect, his eyes full of fun, when he inquired, 'Colonel, did I ever tell you the story of Grant at the

circus?' On the answer, 'No,' he said, 'Well, when Grant was a little chap of about ten, a circus came to Point Pleasant, Ohio, where the family lived, and the boy asked his father for a quarter to go to the circus. As the old tanner would not give him the necessary twenty-five cents, he crawled in under the canvas as I used to do, for in those days I never possessed a quarter of a dollar. There was a mule that had been trained to throw his rider, and a silver dollar was offered to anyone in the audience who could ride him around the ring without being thrown. Many unsuccessful efforts were made to win the coin, but all were thrown over the mule's head into the tan bark. As the beast was being led out, Master Ulysses stepped forward, saying, 'I would like to try that mule.' He mounted, holding on longer than any of the others, but at length the mule succeeded in shaking him off. Ulysses jumped up, threw off his coat, and said, 'I would like to try that mule again.' This time he used strategy. He faced to the rear, took hold of the mule's tail instead of his head, which demoralised the mule, and so the boy rode around the ring, winning the silver dollar. And,' added the President, 'just so Grant will hold on to Lee.' Fourteen days later General Lee surrendered at Appomattox.

Before we separated that evening, the President said: 'If you will come in to-morrow, I will give you a photograph that has just been taken by Brady, of New York.' The following day he presented me with it, writing his name out in full, 'Abraham Lincoln.' He appeared to have a presentiment that something was to happen to him, for in handing me the signed photograph he remarked: 'Now, my dear Colonel, perhaps this will be valued by you after I am gone.' A few weeks later I was in the family home on the Hudson, and was awakened one morning by the tolling of bells. When I inquired why the church bells were tolling, I learned that Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated. General Grant said to me it was the saddest day of his life, and I think I may repeat those words—it was, with a single exception, the saddest day of my life. At his burial, the committee having the arrangements in charge wisely ordained that the second inaugural address should be read over his grave, as the friends of Raphael selected the incomparable canvas of the Transfiguration as the principal feature of his funeral. The lovers of freedom and justice, for which Lincoln lived and died, from the four quarters of the earth joined hands as sincere mourners at his grave, and of the martyr-President, the angel of Leigh Hunt's beautiful allegory might have written in the golden book of

remembrance as he did of Abou Ben Adhem, 'He loved his fellow-men.'

The words that Tennyson wrote of Wellington are equally applicable to General Grant: he was a 'tower of strength which stood four-square to all the winds that blew.' It is now sixty years since I saw the illustrious soldier take the highest jump recorded in military annals—six feet six inches. It occurred on the occasion of his graduation at the United States Military Academy, when, as a small schoolboy on my first visit to West Point, I happened to be present. I next saw him at Cairo, Illinois, where he was in command in the summer of 1861. The first success of the North in the Civil War was won by Grant, at Fort Donelson, early in the following year. On the day that the Confederates endeavoured to break through our lines, the General was seen riding from one end of the field to the other with an unlighted cigar in his mouth, and when the correspondents from the chief cities of the North sent off their accounts of the victory, they mentioned the circumstance of the cigar. The North felt grateful to Grant, and thought that as a smoker there was no better way of testifying their gratitude than by sending him a box of cigars, and in less than a fortnight there were some 20,000 cigars piled up in his headquarters. As Grant was a conscientious man, he did not think he could sell them, or even give them away, so the only course left was to smoke them, and a man who never used more than two a day began to smoke almost a bunch of twenty-five, continuing the habit for a score of years. That is the history of Grant's excessive smoking. Begun as a matter of duty, it became a habit. He was not aware, as he assured me, that he suffered any ill-effects from it, but to it the surgeons attributed the appearance of the fatal malady that terminated his life.

Connected with Grant's next great battle, at Shiloh, was a trifling incident which I heard him relate more than once. A private who had never heard a gun fired before—a tall, handsome fellow of six feet—was so perfectly panic-stricken by the second or third volley and seeing his comrades falling around him, that he threw down his gun and started for the rear as fast as his long legs could carry him. In his flight he passed General Sherman, who shouted to him, 'What are you running for?' and the frightened man, without stopping, yelled back, 'Because I can't fly.' Fortunately Sherman's bullet missed him, and he became one of the

bravest officers in the Western Army. Another story that amused Grant, and which he sometimes told, was of a certain rough carpenter who accompanied 'Stonewall' Jackson in many of his marches. On one occasion when he was making a rapid movement he came to a deep stream; the bridge had been burned, and it was necessary it should be restored as rapidly as possible. Jackson sent for his engineers and the carpenter, telling them what was required; the engineers retiring to their tents to prepare their plans. Two hours later the carpenter appeared and said: 'General, that bridge is finished, but them pictures ain't come yet.'

Another of Grant's stories was of a little incident of the Mexican tour. General Taylor sent a regiment to Brownsville, opposite Matamoras. A few days passed, when the sound of distant guns was heard, and 'Old Rough and Ready' knew that war had begun. The army was ordered to move immediately in light marching order, that nothing superfluous should be taken, but one waggon being allowed to a regiment. 'There was a young captain in the Fourth Infantry,' said Grant, 'who was a great reader, and he had a small bookcase holding a score of favourite volumes, which he placed in the waggon. The Colonel was an old-fashioned soldier who did not care for literature, and when he saw the bookcase, he ordered it to be thrown out. The adjutant of the Fourth, who witnessed this, was anxious about a keg of whisky, so he approached Colonel Whistler¹ and said: "Colonel, I am not very well, and I have taken the liberty of putting a small keg of whisky in the waggon." "Oh," he replied, "that's all right, Mr. Hoskins; anything in reason, but Graham wanted to carry books!"'

Then followed Vicksburg, which I cannot look back to except in the light of being the most brilliant campaign of the Civil War. During the siege, a planter's wife, living several miles from the city, appeared on her porch, where Grant was waiting for a glass of water, and tauntingly inquired of the General if he expected to take Vicksburg and when, adding that he would never capture the city. 'I cannot tell the exact day,' he replied, 'but I shall stay until I do, if it takes three years.' The surrender followed in less than thirty days. This is quite as good as Marshal MacMahon's famous saying at the siege of Sebastopol, '*J'y suis et j'y reste.*' Sherman wrote a protest against the contemplated campaign, which he gave Grant, asking that it might be forwarded to Washington, saying: 'You know, Grant, I have always supported you loyally, and will continue to do so in this campaign; but I have nothing

¹ Grandfather of the artist James McNeill Whistler.

except my reputation as a soldier, and my judgment is against this campaign—it is too hazardous, and I want to go on record as having opposed it.’ ‘All right, Sherman, all right,’ and Grant put the protest in his pocket. Just before it was obvious to our army around Vicksburg that we were about to capture the ‘Western Gibraltar,’ they were smoking together before Grant’s tent, when the adjutant-general’s orderly came for a certain paper which was wanted. Grant gave it to him, and taking another from his pocket, handed it to Sherman, saying: ‘Sherman, there is something you had better put in your pocket.’ It was his protest, which was not sent to Washington, because Grant felt absolutely certain that if he lived he would take Vicksburg, and he did not desire to humiliate his faithful lieutenant. The day before we entered the city, which was on the nation’s birthday, Meade had driven back Lee, after the crushing defeat at Gettysburg. It was after that news had reached Sherman, who had been sent in pursuit of Johnston, and he had heard that we had entered Vicksburg, that he telegraphed Grant, saying: ‘Dear Grant,—Glory Hallelujah! This is the greatest Fourth of July since 1776. Sherman.’

In September 1863, Grant held a consultation with General Banks in New Orleans, in regard to a proposed expedition against Mobile, and later reviewed the 13th Army Corps, which had been sent from Vicksburg to reinforce Banks in the anticipated movement against Mobile. After the review, when accompanied by the writer, the General’s spirited charger took fright, and threw his rider, the only time Grant was ever thrown from the saddle. He was severely injured, and that accident cost us the serious defeat at Chickamauga, for it prevented his being present, and it is reasonable to suppose that if he had been, no such result would have followed. As soon as he was able to move on crutches, the General proceeded to Chattanooga, and there, soon after, he won one of the important victories of the four years’ war, and the most spectacular of all his many battles; it was spread out like a panorama, and I have often heard Grant say that ‘as a military spectacle it surpassed any battlefield that he ever saw.’

Grant having been given command of all the armies of the North, numbering nearly a million of men, came to the East to enter upon a death grapple with Lee. Many of the Southern captains sneered at the Western General, but Longstreet, their greatest corps commander except Jackson, said: ‘Grant will take us by the throat, and never loosen his grip until we are on our

knees.' A man of less nerve and military genius would have quailed before the fierce and terrible onset of Lee in the Wilderness. Not so Grant. His courage was sublime. On the evening of the first day's conflict, when a young officer came from General Burnside with bad news and a gloomy countenance, Grant said: 'It is all right, Wilson. I shall take no backward step. This army moves forward at four o'clock in the morning.' Then followed the continuous fighting, which Stanton, the Secretary of War, called 'the bloodiest swath ever made on this globe.' As an American commander Grant has had no equal. His sledge-hammer blows were given with all his strength, and he was always ready for a fight. He had the gravity of all great fighters. He was like the famous dog of which Dr. 'Rab' Brown tells us. A Highland gamekeeper named Grant, when asked why a certain terrier of singular pluck was so much graver than the other dogs, said: 'Oh, sir, life's full of seriousness to him—he just never can get enough o' fechtin'.' Grant's stout heart never quailed under the most alarming conditions.

After Lee's surrender on the most generous terms ever granted to a beaten army, the victor hastened to Washington to stop the enormous expenditure of almost four millions of dollars a day without even entering the Confederate capital which he had conquered. The close of the war soon followed, and then came the great review in Washington, when the army of the Potomac, under Meade, passed before Grant; and the next day the Western Army, whose drums had been heard in seven Southern States, commanded by their famous leader Sherman, marched past.

As President of the United States, Grant gave us peace with arbitration, money without dishonour, Civil Service, and justice to the Indians. After his two terms he made the tour of the world, going first to England. There he was entertained by the second Duke of Wellington, who said to me that as the son of her most illustrious soldier he thought he was entitled to the honour of giving General Grant his first dinner in England. It occurred in the Waterloo Chamber, where the 'Iron Duke' entertained his surviving comrades on every anniversary of Waterloo. Grant gave his arm to the Duchess, and Mrs. Grant was escorted by the Duke. At this banquet the Duke gave the following toast to his American guest: 'The descendant of the most successful General in the English army drinks the health of the ablest General of modern times.' The great Duke's son was much amused by Mrs. Grant's answer to his remark in the course of a conversation con-

cerning her country and countrymen. He said: 'I understand, Mrs. Grant, from what I have heard or read, that the Americans have very poor teeth.' 'You are very much mistaken, sir,' said Mrs. Grant; 'they have very good teeth, or if they haven't, they buy them.'

Soon after his return to the United States, Grant purchased a residence in New York. There he had a fall which lamed him for life. Later on he lost his fortune, and at length consented to write his 'Military Memoirs,' being assured by intimate friends that in this way he might replace in part the money he had lost through the villany of a Wall Street knave. So, I think, he won the greatest of all his victories when, suffering from the mortal malady which caused his death and in constant pain, he actually defied death itself until his work was completed. Grant might have said:

Until my work is done, I cannot die;
And then, I would not live.

His 'Military Memoirs' has been the most successful work of its character since the art of printing was discovered in 1445. No other similar book has ever met with such an extraordinary sale. While the General thought I was extravagant in predicting a circulation of 200,000 copies, its sale was more than double that number, and his family have received more than 90,000*l.* copyright. No work of autobiography with which I am acquainted is so absolutely free from egotistic self-consciousness. It will live with Lincoln's immortal addresses.

An English historian tells us that two centuries ago, about eight o'clock in the morning, the hero of the battle of the Boyne died in Kensington Palace, and when the lords-in-waiting were superintending the laying out of his remains and preparing them for burial, they found around his neck a small black silk ribbon, and attached to it was the wedding ring of his deceased wife, Queen Mary, and a lock of her dark-brown hair. They ordered it to be removed. When General Grant's spirit took its flight back to its Maker at the same hour in the morning as that of the gallant English king, they found suspended around his neck a long thin braid of a woman's hair, intertwined with a little curl of a child's hair. It had been sent to Captain Grant, then on duty far away in Oregon, on the distant Pacific coast, by his young wife. It was her hair and that of his eldest son, whom Grant had never seen, and he had worn it for thirty years! *En passant*, perhaps I may be permitted to mention that the ring I wear contains the hair of

Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, also that of Napoleon and Wellington.¹

General Grant's funeral took place in New York. It was the greatest military display of armed men ever seen in the American metropolis. The tomb prepared for him is the grandest ever erected in this world in honour of a soldier. Over the portals of that noble tomb on the banks of the Hudson are fitly inscribed Grant's dying words: 'Let us have peace.'

President Roosevelt says of this triumvirate of his predecessors: 'Washington fought in the earlier struggle, and it was his good fortune to win the highest renown alike as a soldier and statesman. In the second and even greater struggle, the deeds of Lincoln the statesman were made good by those of Grant the soldier, and later Grant himself took up the work that dropped from Lincoln's tired hands when the assassin's bullet went home, and the sad, patient, kindly eyes were closed for ever.'

It would be a curious question to inquire what would have been the fate of our country without these three mighty men. It certainly may be doubted if we could have gained our independence without Washington, and it is equally open to doubt whether the Republic would have maintained its integrity without Lincoln and Grant. National unity is no longer a theory, but is a condition; and we are now united in fact as well as in name. In the words of the poet:

Those opposed eyes
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
Shall now in mutual well beseeeming ranks,
March all one way.

Perhaps it is the greatest glory of these three illustrious men that they were alike spotless in all the varied relations of private life. Their countrymen will continue to cherish their memory far on in summers that we shall not see, and upon the adamant of their fame the stream of time will beat without injury. The names of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant are enrolled in the Capitol, and they belong to the endless and everlasting ages.

¹ The writer received Washington's hair from his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington; Lincoln's and Grant's from the Presidents themselves; Napoleon's was bequeathed to him by Captain Frederick Lahrbush, of the Sixtieth Rifles, who, with his regiment, was stationed at St. Helena guarding the ex-Emperor; and Wellington's hair was received from his eldest son when the present writer was on his last visit to Strathfieldsaye, the year before the second Duke's death.

HOUSEHOLD BUDGETS ABROAD.¹

IV.—ITALY.

BY L. VILLARI.

It is a somewhat complicated matter to compare the family budgets of two countries, especially of two countries where the conditions of life, the habits and tastes of the people, and the general wealth of the community are so different as are Italy and England. The difficulty arises from the absence of any common denominator by which to institute the comparison between the respective incomes and expenditure. Mere money value is an inaccurate standard, because an income of, say, £800 a year in England is a very different thing from what it would be in Italy. In the first place incomes of that figure are far less numerous in the latter country than in the former; for although Italy's economic position has certainly made marvellous progress during the last few years, and every branch of national wealth and finance is expanding in the most satisfactory manner, the general standard of prosperity is still very low, and what would be regarded as a modest competence in this country would pass as a large fortune in Italy. On the other hand, the general expenses of life are lower, and the necessity and even the opportunity for large outlay are smaller, especially in the middle and in the working classes. Less is expected of them, and indeed the well-known frugality and simplicity of the Italian people make them less inclined to spend money on luxurious living, and to prefer to save and invest superfluous income. It is this that reduces expenditure rather than the greater cheapness of living. Italians who go to England say that there 'everything costs less, but one spends much more.' Although paradoxical, there is much truth in the statement, many items being almost if not quite as expensive in Italy as in England; but the balance is more than redressed by the greater simplicity of life. This has its bad as well as its good side, and the love of saving, which in many cases amounts to a morbid passion, weakens the spirit of enterprise, and obliges people to bring up their children in an unsatisfactory manner, thereby unfitting them for the battle

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of life. At the same time it occasionally produces a reaction in the latter which makes them fly to extravagance as soon as they are their own masters.

Another difficulty in dealing with Italian budgets is the great difference of condition between one part of the country and another, both in the upper and the lower strata of society. In such towns as Milan or Turin there is an appearance of wealth, comfort, and culture that argue a prosperous and progressive population, and in the agricultural districts improvements are everywhere conspicuous; whereas the poverty-stricken South, without industries, its agriculture in a state of depression, and its miserable and ignorant proletariat, is among the least favoured lands in Europe. These differences are so great that it is not possible to present a typical family budget which is even approximately representative of all Italy. I can only choose out one or two types from one part of the country, which in this case shall be Central Italy, both because I know it best and also because from its position it more nearly approaches a medium than either the northern or the southern province.

My first example will be the budget of a middle-class family residing in Florence. The paterfamilias is a professional man earning 7,000 lire a year, while his private income and that of his wife's *dot*, invested in Government securities at 4 per cent. (the favourite investment, after land, of private fortunes in Italy), amounts to another 3,000 lire. Thus the family has in all 10,000 lire or £400 per annum with which to get along and bring up four children. It must be remembered that a family of the corresponding description in England would have more than double this income, but on the other hand it would have to do more in the way of entertaining and keeping up appearances. With some exceptions the Italian professional classes do not mix with the smart society, where alone entertaining on a large scale is done, and even in their own circle they hardly ever give a regular dinner party or even a large reception. They occasionally ask a friend or two in to a meal, the wife has an 'at home' day, and on certain festivals there is a large family gathering; but everything is done in the simplest manner.

Let us now see how our family spends its income. The first question is that of house rent, and in this the differences from English, and especially London, conditions are most conspicuous. In London the question of situation is more important than that of size, and a family of moderate means has to choose between a fair-

sized house in an unfashionable quarter at a great distance from the centre of things, and a very small one in a better position. But in Italy few towns are so large that distance is a serious consideration, and these have usually a good and cheap tram service. Rents vary very little according to the situation; they may be somewhat higher in two or three fashionable streets, but even in the most aristocratic quarters cheap apartments are to be found. In many cases, in fact, the same house shelters very rich families on the first and second floor, while the garrets and basements are let in lodgings to the poorest of the poor. You cannot argue a man's income and social position, even approximately, from his address as you can in this country. If one lives outside the town gates, both rent and living expenses generally are much lower, but there are other inconveniences which more than balance the advantages. The family we are describing will in all probability inhabit a flat, not far from the centre of the town; *villini*, as separate houses for one family are called, are a comparatively new institution; they are far more costly in proportion than flats, and the accommodation, with some exceptions, is less good. The taxes, too, are higher, and there are many additional expenses. A flat of ten or twelve rooms, in which the hall, the kitchen, and other offices are included, will cost 1,200 lire (£48) a year on the third or fourth floor of a large house, or the ground floor, first or second of a smaller one. A ground-floor flat sometimes includes a bit of garden. The rooms are larger and airier than those of a London house costing £150 a year, and far larger than those of a flat at £200 or £250 in a moderately good situation. On the other hand such apartments are usually unprovided with modern conveniences—there is no bathroom, no hot-water taps except in the kitchen, the stairs are badly kept and ill lighted, and there is little attempt at tasteful decoration, unless the house happens to be an old one with frescoed walls. Electric light is, however, coming into use, and electric bells are almost universal. Lifts are very rare, and only found in large and expensive flats (in Florence there are hardly any except in public buildings and hotels). The rent includes water and all repairs; the amount of the latter of course depends a good deal on the virtues of the landlord.

After the rent the next question is that of servants. This is not by any means such a serious business as it seems to be in England, and good servants are obtainable even by people of moderate means. Good Italian servants are the best in the world,

for no others show so much consideration for their masters, for whom they often entertain a genuine affection; they have no high and mighty airs, they do not 'give notice' if they are requested to do some work not quite strictly within their province, nor do they change their situation every three months. Our family will keep one resident servant who cooks and attends to most of the house work, and a *mezzo servizio* or charwoman, who comes in for a few hours every day, or two or three times a week. The 'general' receives from 15 to 25 lire (12s. to £1) a month, and the charwoman about ten (8s.). Then there is food and an allowance for wine—which in Italy is a necessity rather than a luxury, and not an expensive item. The total cost per annum for servants amounts in this case to 450 lire (£18). Cleaning entails less labour than in London owing to the absence of soot. Nor is it necessary to call in outside assistance to clean the windows, as they revolve on hinges and can be tackled from inside the room. Baths are not taken every day in middle-class households, so that there is less water to empty. The daughters help in making the beds, and the mother also does some of the housework. The meals are wholesome and appetizing, far more so in fact than the productions of many English cooks at much higher wages. On the other hand, Italian servants are less neat and tidy than English ones, and the appearance of the house is correspondingly less attractive.

As regards food, Italians of this, or indeed, of any other class, never eat more than two regular meals a day. Breakfast is reduced to vanishing point, and consists of a cup of coffee and milk with or without bread and butter. Lunch at midday includes a light dish, a meat course, and fruit and cheese. Dinner at 6 or 7 P.M. consists of soup, two courses, and cheese and fruit. Pudding is eaten at dinner once or twice a week, or when guests are invited. Wine, usually red Chianti in Tuscany, is drunk with both meals, and black coffee follows after. Afternoon tea is only taken in the highest classes or in families with English connections; but stray visitors are regaled with sweet wine and biscuits. Good wine costs from 60 cents to 1.50 lira (say, 6d. to 1s. 3d.) a flask containing 2½ litres (about 4½ pints). As sugar is very heavily taxed, jam, puddings, and cakes are luxuries. The total amount thus spent on food and drink may be set down at 2,800 lire (£112) a year.

The family washing is sent to the laundress, but the ironing is done at home by a woman who comes in once a week, receiving 2 lire a day and her food. This item will run to about 200 lire (£8) a year.

Heating does not cost very much in Tuscany among the middle classes, and fires are rarely lit except in the kitchen. If the day is very cold or some one is unwell, a fire is indulged in, but as a rule all the warmth required is supplied by *scaldini* (earthenware vessels filled with embers). Not that the climate makes artificial warmth superfluous, for it can be icy in Florence; but Italians do not mind the cold in the house, although they are sensitive to it out of doors. The fuel burnt is wood with a little coal or coke. Firing and lighting will cost another 200 lire (£8) a year.

Before we have done with housekeeping we must make some allowance for the upkeep of the apartment and its contents. We will suppose that the family possessed sufficient furniture at the time of the marriage. It is, however, on a very modest scale, and its renewal from time to time will not be a very serious expense. The decorations are of the plainest, and little attempt is made to give the home an artistic and attractive appearance, for Italians of the middle class prefer to spend their spare money in other ways. The renewal of the household linen is a more costly matter, and often even modest families are wont to keep an ample supply of it, of good quality. For these purposes we shall set aside about 350 lire (£14).

After the house we come to clothes. The wife and daughters naturally spend more on attire than the father and boys (a man can get a decent suit of clothes for 40 or 50 lire [32s. to 40s.], whereas women's dresses are a good deal more costly); in Italy, as in England and elsewhere, milliners' bills are a fertile source of domestic 'ructions.' But some of the clothes, especially for the children, are made at home. In all about 1,800 lire (£72) will be spent on attire. Taxes¹ on an income of 10,000 lire and charities will come to about 1,000 lire (£40).

After these necessary and regular expenses we come to those which are incidental and those for amusements. Conveyances which run away with such a lot of money in London, whether we indulge in the swift and expensive hansom, or limit ourselves to the jerky but economic 'bus and the stuffy subterranean railways, are in Italy almost a *quantité négligeable*. Cabs usually cost a lira for a drive of any distance within the town, and 'buses and trams from 10 to 20 cents. But as private residences are within easy reach of most places of business it is possible to walk there and back

¹ Including the tax on professional income, municipal taxes, &c. The tax on Government *rente* is deducted when the income (in our case 3,000 lire) is paid out

every day, save when the weather is exceptionally bad. Theatres, which are the Italian's favourite relaxation, are as a rule a very cheap luxury, parterre seats costing from 1.50 lira to 4 or 5 lire (1s. 2d. to 4s.). Middle-class families not infrequently have boxes lent to them, or they occasionally take one costing 10 lire to 20 lire (8s. to 16s.) as a treat. They go more often to the theatre than most English families with much larger incomes. Clubs, on the other hand, are not necessary, although many Italians belong to *circoli* of different sorts, which exist chiefly for getting up entertainments, dances, &c. Entertaining, in the English sense of the word, is rarely indulged in by people in this rank of life; they will perhaps give two or three yearly family gatherings, at Christmas, Easter, &c., but on a modest scale, even though the number of dishes is large, and the variety of good wines considerable. Then we must add stationery, newspapers, the café, &c. About 250 lire (£10) will be sufficient for these expenses.

Education in Italy is largely under State control, and in the public schools the cost of instruction is small. In the primary schools there are no fees, and in the secondary ones they range from 100 lire to 150 lire (£4 to £6). At the university they are somewhat higher, from 450 lire to 850 lire (£18 to £34) for a four or a six years' course. There are also private schools, but the majority of people prefer to send their children to the public schools, unless they are uncompromising Clericals who wish their offspring to be brought up in a thoroughly religious atmosphere. There may be some extra expense for books and the teaching of music or foreign languages, and we may calculate the total at 450 lire (£18).

The last item is the *villeggiatura* or summer holiday. Italians, even in the highest classes, are not much addicted to travelling, and do not usually leave their homes more than once or twice a year. The family we have described will be unable to afford more than one annual outing to the sea or the country, and perhaps one or two visits to relations. The former takes place during the hottest months, and lasts from four to six weeks. They hire a furnished apartment or a small villa, which can be obtained at a moderate rent, and take their own servant. Their life in the country is of the simplest; and they will not spend more than 700 lire. Italians are great lovers of land, and as soon as the paterfamilias has saved enough money he buys a small villa with a few acres of ground, which will be the usual holiday resort. Foreign travel is, of course, out of the question, but if some money is put by, or the family gets a

little windfall, they may make a trip to Paris or Switzerland, perhaps two or three times in a lifetime.

Let us now sum up the figures :

	Lire.	£
Rent	1,200	48
Servants' wages	450	18
Food and drink	2,800	112
Washing	200	8
Firing and lights	200	8
Other household expenses	350	14
Clothing	1,700	68
Taxes and charities	1,000	40
Amusements, &c.	250	10
Education	450	18
Summer holiday	700	28
Total	9,300	372

This leaves 700 lire (£28) for eventualities ; in these we must include the doctor's and chemist's bills (the former charges from 3 lire to 5 lire a visit). Thus we may calculate that 450 lire (£18) will be saved at the end of the year, and invested.

These calculations are, of course, only approximate, and no two families will expend the same income in the same way. Some Italian housewives are marvels of domestic skill, and make the very best use of every penny, while others are wasteful and extravagant. I think that on the whole the former are more numerous than the latter, at all events in the middle classes.

Working Class Budgets.

In dealing with the income and expenditure of the Italian working classes the differences between one part of the country and another are even more striking than in the case of the *bourgeoisie*. At the same time, in one district there will be several very different classes of working men in totally different conditions. On the other hand, the distinction between the artisan and the labourer is less clearly defined in Italy than it is in many other lands, and whereas the peasants carry on many small cottage industries, numbers of trades in the large towns and mining centres are worked by men living in the country and engaged for a part of the year on purely agricultural occupations. In spite of the great progress achieved by Italian manufactures during the last few years, and the increasing numbers of factories, especially in Northern

Italy, agriculture is still by far the most important industry in the country and employs the greatest number of hands. I shall therefore take the labourer rather than the artisan as typical of this part of the Italian population.

The agricultural labourers are divided into several classes, as I have said, varying in prosperity both according to the different parts of Italy and their social position. There is, indeed, hardly a system of land tenure from Ireland to Kamtchatka, which is not represented in some region of Italy, and in hardly any single district is there one uniform system. There are, however, four principal groups of labourers: the small peasant proprietors, the *métayers* or *mezzadri*, the farm labourers or *braccianti*, and the farmers paying rent. The *métairie* system is prevalent in Central Italy, large estates worked by hired labourers in the North and in the South, rented farms in the North, especially in Piedmont, while small properties (in many cases too small to be anything more than a supplement to the owner's earnings in some other occupation) are scattered about all over the country. But each of these systems overlaps, and they are all to be found in almost any part of Italy. Having to choose amid so great a variety, I shall take the *métayer* system as being, if not the commonest, at all events the most typically Italian, and from peasants thus employed I shall choose my budgets.

The farm which I shall consider forms part of a moderate-sized estate, situated in central Italy. A detailed description of the *mezzadria* system would be out of place in this article, but I must say a few words on the subject to explain the farmer's economic condition. The landlord pays the taxes and provides half the live stock, while the peasant supplies the labour and pays for any extra hands which may be required at harvest time, and provides the other half of the live stock and all the farm implements. The occasional expenses of cultivation are shared by landlord and peasant, but special expenses for extraordinary cultivation are paid for by the landlord alone. The produce of the farm is divided in equal proportions between landlord and tenant. The system, which is peculiarly suited to the soil of Central Italy, where two or three different crops can be grown on the same piece of ground at the same time, has many advantages, of which the chief are that it combines the good points of large and of small cultivation; it also makes for the friendliness between landlord and tenant. The family established on this farm consists of the *capoccia* or

head of the little community, the *massaia* or housekeeper, who is either his wife or, if he be unmarried, some other female relative, and manages the domestic economy of the farm, the children, of whom the older ones help in the farm work, and, if the farm be large, two or three other helpers of both sexes, usually relations. I shall, however, take as an example a medium-sized *podere* farmed by the family only, *i.e.* father, mother, two children old enough to be of use, and two younger ones. They occupy a house, for which they pay no rent (the usual practice with this kind of tenure), consisting of a large kitchen, another living room, two or three bedrooms, and some store rooms. The house is situated in the midst of cultivated fields on some pleasant hillside bathed in sunlight. It is, perhaps, less clean and neat than the cottage of an average English labourer or artisan, but it is by no means dirty, and the simple furniture is kept well polished and dustless; above all, the beds are clean. Outside the cottage is a stable for the farm cattle, one or two sheds, and a vat-house for wine-pressing. Close by is a small orchard, where the farmer grows some fruit and vegetables, either for home consumption or for sale. We shall set down the family's total income, including the produce of the *podere* (farm), the extra wages which the peasant may earn by special work, and the earnings of his wife from plaiting straw, and similar odd jobs at 1,200 lire (£48) per annum. Both income and expenditure are largely in kind, but I shall calculate both at money value.

As there is no rent to pay, and the landlord is charged with all necessary repairs, the first and most important matter is food.

The food eaten by a peasant family of this description consists chiefly of wheaten bread and *polenta* (bread made from Indian corn); the *complanatico* or relish for the bread, *i.e.* sardines, anchovies, or herrings, or some meat gravy; soup made from vegetables and sometimes flavoured with a little meat; meat, which is chiefly bacon or some other form of pork, about once a week; cheese, eggs, &c.; for drink the usual potion is *vinello*, or thin weak wine, but a small amount of wine of a better quality is kept for Sundays and other feast days. On those occasions the men of the family will visit the *osteria* or tavern and drink a few glasses of wine with their friends, but real drunkenness is very rare save in three or four provinces. The peasant's day being a long one, he has more meals than the average *bourgeois*, albeit small ones. He starts with a

light breakfast of bread and cheese, with perhaps some vegetables; eats his dinner at midday, consisting of either *polenta* or *minestra* (a sort of 'omnium gatherum' soup with a flavour of bacon and vegetables, such as lentils, pulse, &c.), and bread and cheese. The afternoon *merenda* is more or less like breakfast, and supper is similar to dinner, but rather less substantial. On special occasions—high feast-days, marriages, and christenings—more ample and varied repasts are eaten, and the landlord sometimes sends gifts of good wine, fowls, or other food.

Wheaten flour costs from 20 to 30 lire per *quintale* (100 kilograms), whereas maize flour costs about half, and *polenta* is more-over more filling, though less nourishing and wholesome. In good times the farmer will require about 11 *quintali* a year of wheat and four or five of Indian corn; but if the harvest has been bad the proportions will be changed, and there will be more *polenta* and less bread. We may say that on an average 265 lire (£10 12s.) will cover the cost of breadstuffs which form the staple food of the Italian peasant.

Meat, which, as I have said, consists largely of pork, is eaten once a week. In addition there will be a little beef, a few fowls, and some lamb or mutton. The total amount spent will run to about 135 lire (£5 8s.). Cheese also is largely consumed, and oil is employed for cooking and for condiments, while butter is a much rarer luxury, at all events in Central and Southern Italy (in the North the co-operative dairies have made it a more popular as well as a better and cheaper article of diet); 75 lire (£3) should be sufficient to cover these items. Vegetables are cheap and good, and no one knows how to cook them so well as the Italian housekeeper; on them 50 lire (£2) will be spent. The thin wine which forms their ordinary drink costs 4 or 5 lire per hectolitre, while the better kind for special occasions costs 24 to 30 lire; in all 160 lire (£6 8s.) will be spent on wine. This completes the food budget, amounting to 685 lire (£27 8s.), or slightly more than half the family's income. It will be noticed that a *bourgeois* family according to our calculations spends less than one-third of its income on food, but it should be remembered that in the latter case rent has to be considered, whereas the *métayer* pays no rent, and this alters the proportions.

Now we come to other household expenses apart from food. Firing varies as regards the amount consumed very considerably, according to the different provinces. In Central Italy, as I have said, even the *bourgeois* rarely lights fires except in the kitchen, and this is

still more true of the poorer classes. Some of the wood for the kitchen fire is picked up, and a little is bought; it costs about 40 lire (£1 12s.) a year. In the uplands of Tuscany and on the north side of the Apennines, where the winter is very severe, the evenings are usually spent in the stables for the sake of warmth without the expense of lighting a fire. The more prosperous farmers and the peasants of Northern Italy (Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venetia) are obliged to spend more money on heating, the climate there being quite as cold as in countries beyond the Alps, although the winter is shorter. Other household expenses, such as the upkeep of the bed and table linen, lights, the wear and tear of the furniture, &c., will account for 60 lire (£2 8s.). The washing is done at home, but even so it entails some outlay for soap, starch, &c., and a part of it is perhaps sent out; we must allow 30 lire (£1 4s.) for this purpose.

After the housekeeping there is the question of clothes. This item varies almost more than any other, according to a number of circumstances, such as the skill of the housewife and her daughters with their needles, the particular work in which the men are employed, the generosity and the means of the landlord, and the love of finery of all the members of the family. The various articles of attire are usually made at home, either by the peasant's womenfolk, or by a journeyman tailor hired at so much a day *plus* his food; the material is spun at home or bought at the nearest town. If the couple are newly married the wife's trousseau will last for some time, but even this comes to an end like all things human, and has to be renewed. Relatives and the landlord may generally be counted on for occasional presents to supplement the stock. I shall set down 80 lire (£3 4s.) as a fair average amount for this purpose. Boots are bought from the village cobbler, as few peasants have either the skill or the time to make their own; the custom of going barefoot, however, which is very common among the lower classes in all parts of Italy, reduces the wear and tear of the foot gear very sensibly, while a few presents of old boots may be expected from time to time. We will thus add 30 lire to the 80 lire for clothes, making 110 lire (£4 8s.) in all for attire.

A few more miscellaneous items must be considered, such as church fees and the doctor's and chemist's bills; supposing the family to be in good health the latter will not be very formidable, and we need not set down more than 25 lire for these sundry outgoings.

Let us now sum up the financial situation.

	Lire	£	s.	d.
Income	1,200	48	0	0
Expenditure: Wheat	220	8	16	0
Maize	45	1	16	0
Butter, cheese, and oil	75	3	0	0
Vegetables	50	2	0	0
Meat	135	5	8	0
Wine	160	6	8	0
Firing	40	1	12	0
Linen and other expenses	60	2	8	0
Washing	30	1	4	0
Clothes	80	3	4	0
Boots	30	1	4	0
Doctor, &c.	25	1	0	0
Total	950	38	0	0

This 950 lire therefore covers the total of the necessary expenses, or let us say 1,000 lire, to be on the safe side. There remains a sum of 200 lire (£8) for luxuries, amusements, and savings. The former will consist chiefly of tobacco for the men, some extra viands for Christmas dinner and one or two other festivities, something for weddings, christenings, and other family celebrations, and we must not omit charity, for the Italian peasant, however poor, rarely refuses to give at least a trifle to those poorer than himself. Then there is the Sunday visit to the tavern, perhaps a little money lost at cards or at the lottery, and a rare outing to the neighbouring town. Elementary education is, as I have said, free, so that the *contadino* need not trouble himself in a general way about spending money on schooling. In a few cases, however, he saves so as to give his children a higher education. Books and newspapers are seldom read by the lower classes, especially by the peasants, whose expenditure on them is reduced to the smallest proportions. A peasant living near a town or large village will probably belong to a *circolo*, which is either political or social. The subscription is, say, about 50 cents a month, or 6 lire a year. If we calculate the total of these expenses at 100 to 125 lire (£4 to £5) this leaves another 75 to 100 lire (£3 to £4) for savings. The love of saving is as strong in the Italian working classes as it is in the *bourgeoisie*, and if something can be put by for a rainy day the opportunity will not usually be neglected. The money is invested in the Savings Bank for emergencies, or with a view to buying a little plot of land, or to provide dowries for the daughters.

In this instance I have dealt with a family of a class which may be described as the aristocracy of the proletariat, and it cannot be regarded as representative of the whole of the Italian peasantry, nor are the conditions even of this class at all times as satisfactory. I have supposed the harvest to have been a fairly good one, the peasant himself honest and laborious, his wife thrifty and a good housekeeper, no member of the family a gambler or a drunkard, and no one affected by severe illness. Even so the life is hard, though not an unhappy one; there is enough wholesome food to keep everyone in good health, and clothes to keep out the cold, but very little else. The margin is narrow, and a bad harvest or a long illness throws the whole household economy out of gear. Then even necessities must be cut down, the few luxuries suppressed, the savings go, and debts are contracted. A large proportion of the Italian peasantry are in a state of almost chronic indebtedness either towards the landlord or, worse still, towards professional money-lenders, although much improvement has been achieved by the excellent People's Banks and *Casse Rurali*. There is, moreover, an immense number of labourers and artisans who fare much worse. The *braccianti* or day labourers, who are very numerous even in districts where the *mezzadria* system is prevalent, have much more meagre earnings, and in addition they have to pay rent. Here, for instance, is the budget of a labourer's family in the province of Ravenna, consisting of father, mother, and three children, all in good health, the paterfamilias having regular and continuous employment:¹

Income . Lire 586 (£23 8s. 9d.) (of which Lire 66 [£2 8s. 9d.] is derived from presents).

	Lire.	£	s.	d.
Expenditure: Wheat	147.30	5	17	11
Maize	80	3	4	0
Sack of corn	33	1	6	4
Beans	18	14	4½	
Milk, cheese, &c.	55	2	4	0
Eggs (4 a week)	6.72	5	4½	
Meat (once a fortnight)	11.70	9	9	
Vegetables	3.70	2	11	
Salt	19.25	15	5	
Extra food consumed while doing special work with the threshing machine, given as a perquisite	42	1	13	7
Total for food	416.67	16	13	8

¹ This is an actual budget from an article by Countess Pasolini, in the *Giornale degli Economisti*, 1892.

	Lire.	£ s. d.
<i>Brought forward</i>	416.67	16 13 8
Nothing is set down for wine as the family cannot afford it.		
Rent of two rooms	40	1 12 0
Firing	38	1 10 4
Clothing and boots	48.45	1 18 8
Bed (a present)	20	16 0
Lights	11	8 9
Mutual aid society	6.60	5 3
Grand total	580.72	23 4 8

This leaves only 5.18 (4s. 1d.) for luxuries and savings. Many other labourers, especially the occasional labourers, are in a much worse condition, and the mass of those in Southern Italy are infinitely more wretched, for they have the curse of insanitary dwellings and malaria as well as lower wages and still less food.

The artisan class in the cities is coming to be more important every year, but I have no space to discuss its conditions here.¹ The above should, however, give a fair idea of the state of the large mass of the Italian working classes at the present day. Wages are increasing, and there is an undoubted improvement all round, so that perhaps in a few years this picture will be no longer true, or at all events the condition of what I have described as the most prosperous portion of the working classes will be applicable to those who are now the less flourishing class.

¹ Further budgets will be found in Prof. Rabbeno's article in the *Economic Journal*, vol. iv., in another by F. Mantovani in the *Riforma Sociale*, 1898, and in one by G. Lumbroso in the same publication for 1896.

*THE FIGHT OF THE 'VARYAG' AND THE
'KORIETZ'*

LAST April the writer was a passenger to Constantinople on board the Messageries steamer *La Crimée*. On reaching Patras, in the Gulf of Corinth, she received instructions to go to Suda Bay, in Crete, to take on board a portion of the crews of the *Varyag* and the *Korietz*, four hundred in all, from the *Medoc*, another Messageries boat, by which they had been brought from China. With them were Captain Roudneff and two other officers of the *Varyag*, and Lieutenant Stepanoff of the *Korietz*, and to their kindness the writer is indebted for the following account of what took place at Chemulpo. Many months have elapsed since the fight occurred and various descriptions of it have appeared, yet the present account, derived as it is from those who were the principal actors, may still be of interest; the more so that there are several points in dispute which, when the history of the war comes to be written, must receive the most careful consideration.

On February 8, 1904, the *Varyag*, a fast, partially protected cruiser, and the *Korietz*, a small and slow gunboat, were lying in the outer harbour at Chemulpo. Anchored beside them were the British man-of-war *Talbot*, the French *Pascal*, the Italian *Elba*, and the United States *Vicksburg*. The Japanese cruiser *Chyoda* had left on the evening of the 7th, a fact which, it has been urged, should in itself have been sufficient to have put the Russians on their guard. Very probably it did, for on the afternoon of the 8th, about four o'clock, the *Korietz* started under orders to proceed to Port Arthur. When some three miles out, near Round Island, she encountered a powerful Japanese fleet consisting of six cruisers and eight torpedo-boats, which were escorting four Japanese transports. There are conflicting statements as to what then took place. The one which has generally been accepted in this country is that the Japanese ships took no hostile action, but that the *Korietz* fired two shots before retiring to Chemulpo.

In an interesting article by Mr. David Hannay, which appeared in the April number of the CORNHILL, the comment is very rightly made that this disposes of all talk of surprise by the Japanese;

that the commander of the *Korietz* presumably knew that he was at war before he committed an act of hostility. It is the view taken by most people, and justified if the facts are as stated. The Russian version is, however, altogether different. According to it, the *Korietz*, when she sighted the Japanese fleet, had so little idea that a state of war existed that she saluted; the salute was not returned, and the *Asama* placed herself so as to bar any further advance. The *Korietz* then cleared for battle. The Japanese, they say, sent four torpedo-boats against her, which actually fired three torpedoes. The first two went wide, but the third came straight at her, diving, when a very short distance away, and passing directly beneath her. It was not until the second torpedo had been fired that one of the men, misunderstanding an order, fired two shots, neither of which took effect, from one of the small quick-firing guns with which the *Korietz* was mounted. He was instantly stopped by Lieutenant Stepanoff, the gunnery lieutenant, and the *Korietz* then turned and retreated into the Chemulpo anchorage, closely followed by the Japanese torpedo-boats, and by four of the Japanese cruisers.

The Russian story certainly bears the impress of truth upon it, for it is hardly likely that a small gunboat such as the *Korietz* would have been foolhardy enough to provoke a conflict with an enemy of such overwhelming strength. Such conduct seemed so difficult to believe, that it gave rise to considerable comment in England at the time, and in itself it is inherently improbable. Captain Beliaeff, the commander of the *Korietz*, reported what had taken place to Captain Roudneff, who thereupon went on board the *Talbot* and made the matter known to Captain Bayly. He explained to him at the same time that the Japanese torpedo-boats had placed themselves in such a position that they could attack the Russian ships without damaging any of the other shipping; whereas the Russians could not fire without the greatest danger of hitting the neutral vessels. Captain Bayly thereupon called on the captain of one of the Japanese cruisers, and informed him that Chemulpo being a neutral port, no hostile action must be taken within the harbour, and that if any fighting occurred, he would open fire upon the first ship to begin it, he cared not of which nation. In consequence of this determined attitude, no attack took place during the night, as the Russian officers are convinced would otherwise have been the case. Had it done so, an immense amount of damage must have been inflicted upon many non-com-

batants—from which they were only saved by Captain Bayly's promptitude of decision.

During the night the Japanese disembarked their men from the transports without hindrance, though in the Russian ships all were on the alert, the men sleeping at their posts. Early on the morning of the 9th, Captain Roudneff received a letter from Admiral Uriu, who was in command of the Japanese squadron, informing him that a state of war existed (the first formal intimation of it which the Russians had), and that he would attack him in the harbour at 4 P.M., unless he had left it before midday. Captain Bayly, Captain Sénes of the *Pascal*, and Captain Borea of the *Elba*, each at the same time received a letter from Admiral Uriu, couched in similar terms, asking that their ships and the merchant vessels in port should leave the harbour, as he could not be responsible for any damage that might happen to them; and asking them also to warn the inhabitants of Chemulpo to move away from the town while the fighting was going on.

About eight o'clock Captain Roudneff, accompanied by Captain Sénes and Captain Borea, went on board the *Talbot*, where a conference was held, at which Captain Bayly was unanimously asked to act as President. The following protest was drawn up and despatched to Admiral Uriu:

We consider that, in accordance with the recognised rules of international law, the Port of Chemulpo, being a neutral port, no country has the right to attack the vessels of another Power lying in that Port, and that the Power which contravenes those laws is solely responsible for any loss of life or damage to property in such a port. We accordingly protest energetically against such a violation of neutrality, and we shall be happy to learn your decision on the subject.

LEWIS BAYLY, Captain, *Talbot*.
BOREA, Captain, *Elba*.
SÉNES, Captain, *Pascal*.

As this protest did not reach the Japanese admiral until a few minutes before the action began, and after the Russians had left the harbour, it is futile to speculate on what course he would have adopted with regard to it. But, it will be asked, why did Captain Roudneff, so strong a protest having been made, adopt the course he did of going out to give battle instead of remaining quietly in the harbour to await events.

Until explained it seems a strange thing to have done. The reason for it was this: after the first conference had been held on the *Talbot*, there was a second, at which he was not present, and an

intimation was subsequently given to him that it had been decided that the other warships should leave the harbour in order to avoid being drawn into the quarrel; the position being an exceedingly awkward one, England being the ally of Japan, France that of Russia. This Captain Roudneff would not hear of their doing; moreover, he thought that he stood a better chance if he fought in the open. He therefore told the other captains that, having sent the protest they had, they would be in a very awkward predicament if they did not back it up by force; though he quite saw that if they did, it might lead to serious international complications which he was desirous to avert, and that he would therefore accept Admiral Uriu's challenge, and go out to meet him. It was represented to him that it was perfectly useless to engage a fleet of such overwhelming preponderance; but he replied that surrender was out of the question, that it could not even be discussed, that it was against the tradition of the Russian Navy, and that the only alternative he had to consider was where the fight should be. His decision having been made, he lost no time in acting upon it, and at 11.30 both the Russian boats steamed out of Chemulpo with their bands playing the national anthem.

So hopeless was the task before them, that the surrounding ships saluted them as they went as men going to an almost certain doom. At a quarter to twelve the first shot was fired by the *Asama*, the *Korietz* sending one or two shots in reply, but the range being too great (at that time 9,000 metres, or about four and a half miles), she reserved her fire until she could use it with effect. The *Varyag* did not open fire for some minutes, Captain Roudneff wishing first to bring her into such a position that there could be no risk of her hitting any of the non-combatants. The Japanese were drawn up in line of battle, the cruisers in front, the torpedo-boats behind. In half an hour the *Varyag* had thirty men killed (amongst them being Ensign Count Nijrod) and eighty-five wounded. One shot which fell close to the conning-tower wounded Captain Roudneff on the cheek, and killed both the drummer and the trumpeter, who were standing one on each side of him. The casualties were exceptionally heavy, the Japanese using shrapnel, and the Russian gun crews, having no gun shields, being practically unprotected. The fire was continuous; the Japanese, it is computed, firing no fewer than 4,000 shots during the short time the battle lasted.

The terrible inequality of the combatants may be gauged from

an enumeration of the ships engaged. The Russians had only the *Varyag*, a fast, partially protected cruiser, her only protected part being her conning-tower, and the *Korietz*, a slow gunboat of old type. The *Varyag* had a crew of 535 men, and the guns she was able to bring to bear, on one side only, were six quick-firers of 150 millimetres (which fired in all 425 shots), six of seventy-five millimetres (which fired 425 shots), and six of 47 millimetres (which fired 210 shots). The *Korietz* had a crew of 160 men, and the guns she was able to bring into action were two 8-in. old pattern guns (which fired twenty-three shots) and one modern 6-in. quick-firer (which fired thirty-seven shots), making a total Russian strength of fifteen guns and 695 men. Against these they had opposed to them six protected cruisers, all armed with guns of the newest pattern. *Asama* (four 8-in., seven 6-in.), *Naniwa* (two 10-in., three 6-in.), *Takatchio* (two 10-in., three 6-in.), *Chyoda* (seven of 120 millimetres), *Akashi* (two 6-in., five of 75 millimetres), *Neetaka* (four 6-in., five of 85 millimetres), making a total of forty-two guns on one side able to be brought into action. In addition to these were the Japanese torpedo-boats.

The *Korietz*, strange to say, although the shots fell thickly round her, was hit only once, and had no casualties. She was small and painted grey, and made a difficult mark, and the Japanese directed most of their fire upon the *Varyag* which, painted black and with four large funnels, formed an excellent target. At the end of an hour of incessant fighting the *Varyag* was lying over on one side very badly damaged, and with her stern on fire. Worse still, her steering gear was injured, and she would no longer answer her helm, her steering connections being cut through. Her captain therefore deemed it best to try and regain the harbour, in order to repair her helm to enable him to renew the fight under somewhat more favourable conditions. Both she and the *Korietz* managed to effect a safe retreat to the port, closely followed in by the Japanese torpedo-boats, and by several of the cruisers, which did not, however, continue the attack in the harbour, presumably in compliance with the protest which had been addressed to Admiral Uriu. After Captain Roudneff had made a careful survey of his ship, he saw that it would be useless to attempt to prolong the fight, and he determined to blow her up rather than allow her either to fall into the hands of the enemy or be sunk by them, and he would besides, by so doing, be able to save a certain number of his men.

He asked the other captains if they would take them on board

their ships, and they agreed to do so ; but they suggested that he should sink the *Varyag* rather than blow her up, as the explosion might endanger the other shipping. This he consented to do—an unfortunate decision as it turned out, as the Japanese hope to be able to raise her, or at any rate to recover her guns, which are of considerable value. Boats were sent from the *Pascal*, the *Elba*, and the *Talbot* to take the men off, the *Varyag's* own boats being smashed to pieces. It was an awkward piece of work, the gangway being also smashed, which made it difficult to lower the wounded into the boats. When they had all been got in, and the captain had made a careful inspection of the whole of the ship to see that no one had been left behind, the pipes were opened to let the water in, and a few minutes after she tilted slowly over and sank. The *Koriets* at the same time landed her crew at Chemulpo close to the *Sungari*, a Russian merchantman, and her commander then blew her up, the *Sungari* being set on fire to prevent her falling into the enemy's hands.

The accounts are conflicting as to the Japanese loss, but the Russians averred positively that two of their vessels, a cruiser and a torpedo-boat, were so badly damaged that they sank almost immediately after the fight. The Russians complain strongly that the Japanese attacked before war was declared, and also that the telegraph wires had been deliberately cut several days before, and all information purposely intercepted, so that the first intimation they had of war was the encounter of the *Koriets* with the Japanese fleet, followed by Admiral Uriu's letter. But modern wars seldom begin with a formal declaration, and it lay with the Russian Government to keep vigilant watch directly the situation became strained. The Japanese cannot be blamed for doing what is apparently recognised by international law as legitimate—striking hard and at once, directly war is seen to have become inevitable, without waiting for any formal declaration to be made. The fact is that the Russian Government does not seem to have understood that the Japanese were really in earnest ; and so at Chemulpo, just as at Port Arthur, they neglected to take the precautions the circumstances would seem to have suggested.

A more valid ground of complaint is that the *Varyag* and the *Koriets* were practically compelled to abandon the protection of a neutral port. Had the protest which was made been intended to be backed up by force, they need not have fought at the time they did, and they would have had a better chance of escape by

night than they had by day. It is, of course, impossible to say what Admiral Uriu's action would have been in face of the protest sent to him had his opponents waited quietly where they were; whether, in compliance with it, he would have refrained from attacking the Russian ships in Chemulpo harbour at the time he had mentioned. Whether, too, the Japanese were entitled to have acted as they did, and whether the protest ought not to have been a more effectual one are weighty questions of international law, or rather, of the customs of war, about which, in its present vague and unsettled condition, there must necessarily be widely divergent views.

But whatever opinion may be held about these matters, one opinion only is possible with regard to the heroic nature of the fight, and of the calm grandeur with which it was undertaken and conducted. None have recognised this more frankly and generously than the Japanese themselves. There was about it none of the reckless bravado which some of the published accounts would lead one to believe. Captain Roudneff is too good a sailor for that. Surrender being out of the question, he had to do all in his power not merely to damage the enemy as much as possible, but also, if possible, to save his ship; to break through and effect his escape to Port Arthur; and he gave definite instructions to his navigating lieutenant that he was to do his best to effect this. At the same time he warned him that he was afraid it was an impossible task, and he told his men that they must have no other thought but to do their duty to the end.

What their fellow-countrymen think of their conduct is shown by the fact that upon their return to Russia the Czar conferred upon the whole of the crews both of the *Varyag* and of the *Korietz*, officers and men alike, the Order of St. George, the first time in Russian history that such a thing has ever been done—upon Captain Roudneff being conferred the additional honour of being made an Honorary Aide-de-camp to the Czar. Never were distinctions more gloriously earned; never was battle worthier to take honourable rank in the annals of naval war.

H. C. THOMSON.

AUTUMN ON DARTMOOR.

AMONG the charms of the Moor is the variety brought about by varying seasons, dry, hot, or rainy, as the case may be. One year a certain colour predominates, the next another. This wet summer suited the foxgloves, which shot up in their thousands along the bordering walls, and the scabious tribe have made an unaccustomed impression, first in many lilac shades, and later, in more delicate patches of blue. The heather is seldom affected by weather peculiarities, but something in the rainy season has drawn forth such a glory of creeping gorse that it has turned the slopes into a veritable field of cloth of gold. What country in the world, in its most gorgeous colouring, can surpass the purple and gold of our moors? Low and even, broken only by the tender green of fine turf, the rich red-brown of the dying bracken, and the grey of granite, it sweeps to the very summit of the tors, taking swift shadows from the clouds, and a regal splendour from the sun, carrying on the eye, fold after fold, until on one side the tors are veiled in mist, while on the other the slopes sink into massed woods, into blue distances, sometimes into a whiteness which is not mist but sea.

Nor in any recalling of the Moor should its skies be forgotten. No breadth here of overhanging unbroken blue; no calm untroubled expanse, speaking peace, rather an eternal procession of clouds, infinitely varied in form, lowering in depths of gloom, lighting the heavens with white radiance, hastily parting here and there to let through a vision of blue, only to close as hastily again; rent, tattered, filmy, piled in mountainous curves; gathering, menacing, dispersing, creeping round to swathe you in an unexpected mist of rain, or perhaps falling in one of those silvery showers lit with sunshine from behind, which our country-folk call frisky-trades.

Of heavier rain there is no lack. The Moor saying, cast in our teeth by enemies, has, it must be owned, rather more than a foundation of fact:

The South wind always brings us rain,
The North wind blows it back again;
The West wind surely means wet weather,
The East wind wet and cold together.

Well, well, well, let querulous tongues have their say. The fine days, when they come, make amends for all, and—in summer and autumn at any rate—what kindly rain it is! The south-west winds race joyfully up from the sea, full of salt and vigorous merriment. Never had wind a finer playground, for such trees as there are huddle together in the valleys, and there is nothing to break the wild sport of the gales except an occasional dwarfed thorn. These thorns must be of an extreme age, and their naked roots, uncouth and knotted, grip the tops of the walls, holding on desperately there for dear life, while over their flattened heads sweep the winds, rushing up to the grey stones which cap the hills, the tors round which discussion has raged as stormily as the wind. Indeed it has not yet been absolutely determined whether they have a volcanic, glacial, or sacrificial origin, though science inclines to the glacial theory. Merely looking at them, it is difficult to admit that human labour can have had nothing to do with the poisoning of the great stones, or, if this be conceded, that they were not at some remote time claimed for sacrificial purposes. The name of Beltor has a suggestive ring, while from Castor an old road runs directly down to Holy Street.

Nevertheless, in spite of many ingenious theories, there is no proof whatever of the existence of Druidical worship on Dartmoor. Such remains as are found are now believed to belong to a yet earlier race. The men of the Stone period who—driven by causes of which we know nothing—came from the mainland, probably set up stones and circles, but doubtless found much ready to their hand, for ice and water will break strong granite into blocks, and leave them piled where before stood a single mighty mass. Wind will also help the work by whirling round and round those smaller stones which collect in a hollowed basin, wearing it away through the long procession of centuries, by little and little thinning, and at last piercing, the granite. With such materials scattered about, Neolithic man was able to set up his stone circles in ever-varying size and number; his stone rows, single, double, treble; his pillared menhirs, his logans, his cromlechs with their cover-stones, his kistvaens, holed tolmens, rock basins, cairns. Some may have served for purposes of worship, others, there is little doubt, for burial, but generally it is easier to say what they were not than what they were. In certain cases the height of the pillars may have increased from the earth which once banked them having been washed away.

Digging has brought to light a few—only a few—bronze implements. Stone and flint arrow-heads are abundant, but of bones there are none. Their absence, however, is easily accounted for, peat having no lime and greedily devouring any that comes in its way.

Of hut circles there are many remains. The huts appear to have been built of stone, each close to the other, with a common roof of reed or wattle, which also covered the central space. The pounds were safety shelters for man and beast, the walls forming rough but strong fortifications. Grimspound gave a remarkably strong retreat for hard-pressed Neolithic man. It had double walls of a tremendous thickness round its hut circles and its perennial spring. How did these prehistoric moormen set up stones six feet broad and five thick? Or how, to take a Dartmoor feature more unique than its menhirs and tolmens, how did they build their Cyclopean bridges, where you find stones laid which measure fifteen feet by six? The mighty slabs rest on great blocks of granite, and to this day, if even a tiny stream has to be crossed you will see its bridge made in the same manner.

Granite is everywhere. There are some hundred varieties on the Moor. Its grey boulders rear themselves out of the cloud of dying bracken in delightful contrast; gate-posts, window-lintels, the boundary-posts stuck at long intervals, the excellent quickly drying roads—are of granite. Most beautiful of all are the old walls, marching unevenly across the moor. The making of these walls is a rapidly vanishing art, like that of the Devon thatcher, whose smooth and velvety work could never be equalled by other counties. The wall builder was primitive and unsparing in his methods; he used neither cement nor mortar. All the strength and the fitness and the durability—and how great they were!—lay in the skill with which he placed stone upon stone, you may say boulder upon boulder, since many of the stones are so huge that we wonder at the labour which dragged and set them sideways in their place. The maker probably drew his lesson from the tors about him, for he has piled so loosely that the attacking winds blow through the interstices, and work no harm. The stones are of every size and shape, and no wall can be more beautiful. Not only are the weather-beaten grey blocks patched with lichen of pearlier greys and cushioned with moss, but the finest turf in the land sweeps up from the ground to cover many of them, so that you have half wall, half bank. Polypody and

foxgloves spring out of the crevices, brambles clamber here and there, rose campion waves vigorously, the delicate blue of the sheep's-bit scabious brightens the turf, the pink rattle lies close and low, sometimes a flaunting blotch of almost menacing scarlet marks the spot where a group of fungus asserts itself

These walls are low, with very uneven edges. They shut out no beauty, but give a sense of human companionship, not unwelcome, for you may walk for an hour and meet no fellow-wayfarer. There, however, on a far slope, is pitched a gipsy encampment, tents and caravans with blue smoke curling against the hill-side. For them it is a breezy wholesome place. Horses and ponies can feed daintily on the sweet short turf, the men can snare rabbits, and if gipsies still eat hedgehogs, here is an excellent chance of finding a fat fuzz-pig. For their fires they send out the children to gather kindling from the burnt furze-bushes. Why, by the way, are these black and charred sticks known to the country people by the name of chronicles? They cannot be said to add to the beauty of our Moor, for they give an air of desolation and of waste places, but they are a characteristic feature. So are the vags, or vellies, the peat which may be seen in large heaps, cut, and ready for stacking.

Without heeding numberless rocks and downs and clitters and hills, Dartmoor can count no fewer than a hundred and fifty-five distinct tors, with some highly suggestive names—Hell-tor, Wind-tor, Winter-tor, Ravens'-tor, Laughter-tor. Hey-tor, with his curved hood, reigns at this end. He is a monarch, but a social and easy-going monarch, suffering many things from the many people who scale his sides, and picnic on his heights. Far off, as the train brings its summer loads, he is the first to be recognised and joyfully greeted. Round him lie his great brethren, more aloof, more difficult of reach, more impressive, Saddle-tor, Rippon, the jagged heights of Hound-tor, and little Honey-bag, while all the west is filled with the vast sweep of Hameldon, shouldering the clouds, and catching their every shadow; and more northwards swells the great curve of Cawsand Beacon, one of the highest points, from top of which a man can look on either side at a sea.

Dartmoor has the richest tin lodes in the world, worked in early days by the Phœnicians, who, in return for their spoils, are popularly supposed to have taught West-countrymen the art of making Devonshire cream. Possibly the tanners burnt up the

trees, if trees there were, but a forest did not always imply a wood, and the broad heaving moors were the hunting grounds of kings. Now, unlike Exmoor, only an occasional stray red deer makes his way to these softer southern heights. Foxes hold their own, and have developed breeds with names which tell a vigorous tale; such names as the Dartmoor Greyhound and the Broadbury Tiger. There are badgers and otters on the borders, and the great bat and shrew still survive. Sometimes, in crossing the Moor, you will run up against an apparently purposeless wall, butting out into two or three sharp angles and ending in space. This is for winter weather, for the desolate days when snow lies thick, fogs roll down, bitter winds sweep over the treeless spaces, and there is no other protection for the cattle than the lee of these kindly walls. Here they huddle, perhaps passing days without food, the hardy rough-coated ponies, which roam at pleasure about the Moor, peering at you from under shaggy forelocks as you pass.

The Devonshire talk—dying out, alas, elsewhere—lingers, rich and expressive, on the Moor. Occasionally, but rarely, you strike what may be a trace left behind by the French prisoners who were drearily confined here during the great war. A left-handed person, for instance, has to bear the weight of the strange adjective *coochy-pawed*, and it does not seem unlikely that *gauche à pied* may be responsible for the term of reproach. There is an unexpected flippancy about their name for the devil, *Tantarabobs*, and one wonders who gave uncle the meaning to cheat and deceive. But the old words are being pushed out by the inexorable march of education—so inexorable even here, that you will daily meet small children walking their six miles to school and back—it is to the old Moor dwellers you must turn if you wish to hear them in their wealth. Their ignorance and their knowledge remain as firmly fixed as their granite posts. What they have they hold, what they have not they do not desire. ‘Where does that road go?’ ‘Doan’t know. He’ve bin theer so long as I can mind.’ They do not travel, they do not read; in their hearts still lingers a lurking belief in pixies, a lurking hope that should fog or snow bewilder them, the little grey man will come—no one knows from whence—to their help. But the poor pixies or picksies—whose worst sins seem to have been mere Puck-like mischief—are being scared away by the sound of the church bell. The Cobbledick still haunts his hill, and more menacing and terrible are the Yeth-hounds, Wish-hounds, or

Hell-hounds, as they are called, whose baying is sure to bring misfortune to those who hear. As in Brittany, the great stones dance, and the fear of witches may yet afflict some wild spots. In one or two places on the Moor you will find stuck on an old iron stand a picturesque looking cresset, no doubt once used as a beacon, and still called a witch's beacon. Such beliefs die hard, and are not dead here, but they are slowly retiring, and hiding themselves in shamefacedness. The moormen will not talk of them, and are aware that the parson would disapprove. The parson himself shares the universal change. No longer is there the chance of a non-resident and seldom-visiting minister being warned from entering his pulpit, because 'th' awld hen hev' bin a settin' theer on a brude all the week,' or of another parson describing his curate's ministrations in the words, 'I keps a boy to du the work. I sits in the vestry and heers un tell.'

Out of the shadowy past, however, there are yet a few survivals, and the packhorse is one of them. With his long crooks sticking out on either side, supporting a big load of furze or withered fern, you are likely to meet him as you walk across the Moor, and the Moor track-lines were probably first made for his journeyings. Granite roads, granite dykes run in all directions, though often buried by the growth of ages. There are also traces of covered ways by which the primitive moormen safely reached their springs or encampments, much as now in the Khyber Pass you may see dug-out trenches along which the Afridi slips from the security of the British protected road to his own unprotected dwelling.

This year the small mountain streams have been fuller than usual. Narrow and swift they rush down, cutting a gravelly path through ferns and heather. So playful are they, in so many quirks and frisks and pretences of falls and rapids do they indulge, that it is difficult not to believe that they are things of life. Though their peaty sides are often downtrodden by the cattle which come to drink, they remain as clear as glass without a tinge of muddy discoloration, and the tinkling laughter of their music is among the delights of the Moor. Were it not for them and the brisk chirp of the chats, our autumn silences might become oppressive. For the larks sing no more, and the wild curlew cry has ceased. Plovers there are, and a few starlings, while here and there you may be lucky enough to catch a glimpse of a golden-crested wren, or of a tiny rollicking blue tit, swinging head downwards from a twig. Tits, indeed, are so common on the Moor,

that the country folk are disposed to call all birds irrespectively by their special nickname. Enquire as to some bird, and ten to one you will be told 'I sim 'tes a heckymal.' The little wren, however, is a nickytope, thrushes are fuzz-brakes, and there are all the chats—fuzz-chat, whin-chat, stone-chat—their favourite perching place the highest point of the plant they select. Robins will have nothing to do with the solitude of the Moor. Where a house or farm is tucked away under sheltering trees, there they will be found, alert and friendly, and there, too, are the owls, crying and hooting through the night. The great sparrow-hawk, on the contrary, chooses the broad empty spaces, poised above which he can look down, mark his prey, and swoop upon it with swift and deadly certainty. There is a hope that buzzards are becoming less rare. The nightjars' rattle breaks the stillness of the dusk, though not so persistently as in Hampshire fir-woods. Kingfishers are fairly common, in wild parts of the Moor ravens still breed, the ring ouzel is a constant, the bunting an occasional visitor. The song of the hedgeparrot disputes that of the robin in the autumn; snipe and woodcock breed sparingly and woodpeckers frequent the moor. Now and again a long-legged heron sails into our solitudes, and, dropping by some tiny stream, watches there for an hour, like the patient fisher that he is.

This has not been a butterfly year, and there has been no such sight as we saw last summer, eight gorgeous peacock butterflies disporting themselves at once on a border of china asters in front of the house.

The sogs, or bogs, are happy hunting places for the botanist, for there in great contentment wave the marsh violet, ragged robin, bog-pimpernel, bog-rushes, bog-stitchwort. Beware, however, of a rash step, or in a moment you may find yourself 'stogged,' drawn downwards by an almost irresistible suction. It is difficult to hold back when a fine specimen of buck-bean, the marsh bog-orchis, or some of the innumerable mosses of the Moor with their picturesque names, lie within what seems easy reach. Dartmoor peat is very rich, in spots measuring a depth of from twenty to thirty feet, and the Cornish tanners fell back upon it when they had burnt up their timber. It is still used for fuel, and you often see it lying in heaps ready for carting; it makes a splendid soil for the moor flowers, sundews, wild thyme, stitchworts, tormentils, and the graceful little ivy campanula. And it is yet more attractive to the whole of the fern tribe. If you are

fortunate you may find many varieties, perhaps among them *Osmunda regalis*, moonworts, *ophioglossum*, or filmy and prickly toothed ferns, while mosses and lichens are there in their troops. There, too, you may happen on the cowberry and the crowberry, and you cannot miss the whortleberries, familiarly known as 'hurts. 'Hurt gathering begins with a charm, without which it will not prosper :

The first I pick, I eat ;
The second I pick, I throws away ;
The third I pick, I puts in my can ;

This said, the picking goes merrily on. More rarely, on the slopes of one or two tors, you may find an occasional patch of the beautiful little Mount Ida whortleberry, with its white arbutus-like flowers and scarlet berries.

A big thunderstorm on the Moor is a grand experience. The clouds hurry up, charge into each other, and in a moment all delicate beauties are lost in an inexpressibly wild desolation, a turmoil of passion. Always, too, at the back of your mind, lurks a consciousness that, bad as the storm is, it may possibly become worse, for that nearly three-century-old recorded storm which broke upon Widecombe Church, killed four people and injured sixty, has to this day left a fear behind it. Widecombe keeps its memory in a quaint tablet of rhyme recounting the incidents of

so strange a storm,

Which who had seen would say 'twas hard to have preserved a worm.

Widecombe and Ashburton are among the finest of Dartmoor churches, and in Ashburton—surely with her tongue yet in her cheek—lies that Elizabeth Ireland whose cynical epitaph once told the reader :

Here I lie at the chancel door ;
Here I lie because I'm poor ;
The farther in the more you pay,
Here lie I as warm as they.

F. M. PEARD.

HISTORICAL MYSTERIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

X. THE CASE OF CAPTAIN GREEN.

'PLAY on Captain Green's wuddie,'¹ said the caddy on Leith Links; and his employer struck his ball in the direction of the captain's gibbet on the sands. Mr. Duncan Forbes of Culloden sighed, and, taking off his hat, bowed in the direction of the unhappy mariner's monument.

One can imagine this little scene repeating itself many a time, long after Captain Thomas Green, his mate, John Madder or Mather, and another of his crew were taken to the sands at Leith on the second Wednesday in April 1705, being April 11, and there hanged within the flood-mark upon a gibbet till they were dead. Mr. Forbes of Culloden, later President of the Court of Session, and, far more than the butcher Cumberland, the victor over the rising of 1745, believed in the innocence of Captain Green, wore mourning for him, attended the funeral at the risk of his own life, and, when the Porteous Riot was discussed in Parliament, rose in his place and attested his conviction that the captain was wrongfully done to death.

Green, like his namesake in the Popish Plot, was condemned for a crime of which he was probably innocent. Nay more, he died for a crime which was not proved to have been committed, though it really may have been committed by persons with whom Green had no connection, while Green may have been guilty of other misdeeds as bad as that for which he was hanged. Like the other Green, executed for the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey during the Popish Plot, the captain was the victim of a fit of madness in a nation, that nation being the Scottish. The cause of their fury was not religion—the fever of the Covenant had passed away—but commerce.

'Twere long to tell and sad to trace the origin of the Caledonian frenzy. In 1695 the Scottish Parliament had passed, with the royal assent, an Act granting a patent to a Scottish company dealing with Africa, the Indies, and, incidentally, with the globe at

¹ Gibbet.

large. The Act committed the occupant of the Scottish throne, William of Orange, to backing the company if attacked by alien powers. But it was unlucky that England was then an alien power, and that the Scots Act infringed the patent of the much older English East India Company. Englishmen dared not take shares, finally, in the venture of the Scots; and when the English Board of Trade found out, in 1697, the real purpose of the Scottish company—namely, to set up a factory in Darien and anticipate the advantages dreamed of by France in the case of M. de Lesseps's Panama Canal—'a strange thing happened.' The celebrated philosopher, Mr. John Locke ('perhaps a little not so much read as he used to be'), and the other members of a committee of the English Board of Trade, advised the English Government to nip in, plagiarise the Scottish project, and seize the section of the Isthmus of Panama on which the Scots meant to settle. This was not done; but the Dutch Usurper, far from backing the Scots company, bade his colonies hold no sort of intercourse with them. The Scots were starved out of their settlement. The few who remained fled to New York and Jamaica, and there, perishing of hunger, were refused supplies by the English colonial governors. A second Scottish colony succumbed to a Spanish fleet and army, and—'bang went saxpence!' The company, with a nominal capital of £400,000 and with £220,000 paid up, was bankrupt. Macaulay calculates the loss at about the same as a loss of forty millions would have been to the Scotland of his own day; let us say twenty-two millions.

We remember the excitement in France over the Panama failure. Scotland, in 1700, was even more furious, and that led to the hanging of Captain Green and his men. There were riots; the rioters were imprisoned in the Heart of Midlothian—the Tolbooth—the crowd released them; some of the crowd were feebly sentenced to the pillory, the public pelted them—with white roses; there was every chance of a revolution, and had the Chevalier de St. George not been a child of twelve he would have had a fair chance of recovering his throne. The trouble was tided over; William III. died in 1702. Queen Anne came to the Crown. But the bankrupt company was not dead. Its charter was still legal, and, with borrowed money, it sent out vessels to trade with the Indies. The company had a vessel, the *Annandale*, which was seized in the Thames, at the instance of the East India Company, and condemned for a breach of that company's privileges.

This capture awakened the sleeping fury among my fiery countrymen (1704). An English ship, connected with either the English East India Company or the rival Million Company, put into Leith Road to repair. Here was a chance; for the charter of the Scots company authorised them 'to make reprisals and to seek and take reparation of damage done by sea and land.' On the strength of this clause, which was never meant to apply to Englishmen on Scottish waters, but to foreigners of all kinds on the Spanish Main, the Scottish Admiralty took no steps. But the company had a Celtic secretary, Mr. Roderick Mackenzie, and the English Parliament, in 1695, had summoned Mr. Mackenzie before them, and asked him many questions of an impertinent and disagreeable nature. This outrageous proceeding he resented, for he was no more an English than he was a Japanese subject. The situation of the *Worcester* in Scottish waters gave Roderick his chance. His chief difficulty, as he informed his directors, was 'to get together a sufficient number of such genteel, pretty fellows as would, of their own free accord, on a sudden advertisement, be willing to accompany me on this adventure' (namely, the capture of the *Worcester*), 'and whose dress and behaviour would not render them suspected of any uncommon design in going aboard.' A scheme more sudden and daring than the seizure, by a few gentlemen, of a well-armed English vessel had not been executed since the bold Buccleuch forced Carlisle Castle and carried away Kinmont Willie. The day was Saturday, and Mr. Mackenzie sauntered to the Cross in the High Street, and invited genteel and pretty fellows to dine with him in the country. They were given an inkling of what was going forward, and some dropped off, like the less resolute guests in Mr. Stevenson's adventure of the hansom cabs. When they reached Leith, Roderick found himself at the head of eleven persons, of whom 'most be as good gentlemen, and (I must own) much prettier fellows than I pretend to be.' They were of the same sort as Roy, Middleton, Haliburton, and Dunbar, who, twelve years earlier, being prisoners on the Bass Rock, seized the castle, and, through three long years, held it for King James against the English navy.

The eleven chose Mr. Mackenzie as chief, and, having swords, pistols, 'and some with bayonets, too,' set out. Mackenzie, his servant, and three pretty fellows took a boat at Leith, with provision of wine, brandy, sugar, and lime juice; four more came, as a separate party, from Newhaven; the rest first visited an English

man-of-war in the Firth, and then, in a convivial manner, boarded the *Worcester*. The punch bowls were produced, liquor was given to the sailors, while the officers of the *Worcester* drank with the visitors in the cabin. Mackenzie was supposed to be a lord. All was festivity, 'a most compleat scene of a comedy, acted to the life,' when, as a Scottish song was being sung, each officer of the *Worcester* found a pistol at his ear. The carpenter and some of the crew rushed at the loaded blunderbusses that hung in the cabin; but there were shining swords between them and the blunderbusses. By nine at night, on August 12, Mackenzie's followers were masters of the English ship, and the hatches, gunroom, chests, and cabinets were sealed with the official seal of the Scottish African and East India Company. In a day or two the vessel lay, without rudder or sails, in Bruntisland Harbour, 'as secure as a thief in a mill.' Mackenzie landed eight of the ship's guns and placed them in an old fort commanding the harbour entry, manned them with gunners, and all this while an English man-of-war lay in the Firth!

For a peaceful secretary of a commercial company, with a scratch eleven picked up in the street on a Saturday afternoon, to capture a vessel with a crew of twenty-four, well accustomed to desperate deeds, was 'a sufficient camisado or onfall.' For three or four days and nights Mr. Mackenzie had scarcely an hour's sleep. By the end of August he had commenced an action in the High Court of Admiralty for condemning the *Worcester* and her cargo, to compensate for the damages sustained by his company through the English seizure of their ship, the *Annandale*. When Mackenzie sent in his report on September 4, he added that, from 'very odd expressions dropt now and then from some of the ship's crew,' he suspected that Captain Green, of the *Worcester*, was 'guilty of some very unwarrantable practices.'

The Scottish Privy Council were now formally apprised of the affair, which they cautiously handed over to the Admiralty. The Scottish company had for about three years bewailed the absence of a ship of their own, the *Speedy Return*, which had never returned at all. Her skipper was a Captain Drummond, who had been very active in the Darien expedition; her surgeon was Mr. Andrew Wilkie, brother of James Wilkie, tailor and burgess of Edinburgh. The pair were most probably descendants of the Wilkie, tailor in the Canongate, who was mixed up in the odd business of Mr. Robert Oliphant, in the Gowrie conspiracy of 1600. Friends of Captain Drummond, Surgeon Wilkie, and others who had dis-

appeared in the *Speedy Return*, began to wonder whether the crew of the *Worcester*, in their wanderings, had ever come across news of the missing vessel. One George Haines, of the *Worcester*, hearing of a Captain Gordon, who was the terror of French privateers, said : ' Our sloop was more terrible upon the coast of Malabar than ever Captain Gordon will be to the French.' Mackenzie asking Haines if he had ever heard of the *Speedy Return*, the missing ship, Haines replied : ' You need not trouble your head about her, for I believe you won't see her in haste.' He thought that Captain Drummond had turned pirate.

Haines now fell in love with a girl at Bruntisland, aged nineteen, named Anne Seaton, and told her a number of things, which she promised to repeat to Mackenzie, but disappointed him, though she had blabbed to others. It came to be reported that Captain Wilson had pirated the *Speedy Return*, and murdered Captain Drummond and his crew. The Privy Council, in January 1705, took the matter up. A seal, or forged copy of the seal, of the Scottish African and East India Company was found on board the *Worcester*, and her captain and crew were judiciously interrogated, after the manner of the French *Juge d'Instruction*.

On March 5, 1705, the Scottish Court of Admiralty began the trial of Green and his men. Charles May, surgeon of the *Worcester*, two negroes, Antonio Ferdinando, cook's mate, and Antonio Francisco, captain's man, were ready to give evidence against their comrades. They were accused of attacking, between February and May 1703, off the coast of Malabar, a vessel bearing a red flag, and having English or Scots aboard. They pursued her in their sloop, seized and killed the crew, and stole the goods.

Everyone in Scotland, except resolute Whigs, believed the vessel attacked to have been Captain Drummond's *Speedy Return*. But there was nothing definite to prove the fact; there was no *corpus delicti*. In fact the case was parallel to that of the Campden mystery, in which three people were hanged for killing old Mr. Harrison, who later turned up in perfect health. In Green's, as in the Campden case, some of the accused confessed their guilt, and yet evidence later obtained tends to prove that Captain Drummond and his ship and crew were all quite safe at the date of the alleged piracy by Captain Green. None the less, it does appear that Captain Green had been pirating somebody, and perhaps he was 'none the waur o' a hanging,' though, as he had an English commission to act against pirates, it was argued that, if he had been

fighting at all, it was against pirates that he had been making war. Now Haines's remark that Captain Drummond, as he heard, had turned pirate, looks very like a 'hedge' to be used in case the *Worcester* was proved to have attacked the *Speedy Return*.

There was a great deal of preliminary sparring between the advocates as to the propriety of the indictment. The jury of fifteen contained five local skippers. Most of the others were traders. One of them, William Blackwood, was of a family that had been very active in the Darien affair. Captain Green had no better chance with these men than James Stewart of the Glens in face of a jury of Campbells. The first witness, Ferdinando, the black sea cook, deponed that he saw Green's sloop take a ship under English colours, and that Green, his mate, Madder, and others, killed the crew of the captured vessel with hatchets. Ferdinando's coat was part of the spoil, and was said to be of Scottish cloth. Charles May, surgeon of the *Worcester*, being on shore, heard firing at sea, and, later, dressed a wound, a gunshot he believed, on the arm of the black cook; dressed wounds, also, of two sailors, Mackay and Cuming—Scots obviously, by their names. He found the deck of the *Worcester*, when he came on board, lumbered with goods and chests. He remarked on this, and Madder, the mate, cursed him and bade him 'mind his plaister box.' He added that the *Worcester*, before his eyes, was towing another vessel, which, he heard, was sold to a native dealer—Coke Commode—who told the witness that the *Worcester* 'had been fighting.' The *Worcester* sprang a leak, and sailed for five weeks to a place where she was repaired, as if she were anxious to avoid inquiries.

Antonio Francisco, Captain Green's black servant, swore that, being chained and nailed to her forecastle, he heard her fire six shots. Two days later a quantity of goods was brought on board (captured, it would seem, by the terrible sloop of the *Worcester*), and Ferdinando then told this witness about the killing of the captured crew, and showed his own wounded arm. Francisco himself lay in chains for two months, and, of course, had a grudge against Captain Green. It was proved that the *Worcester* had a cipher wherein to communicate with her owners, who used great secrecy; that her cargo consisted of arms, and was of such slight value as not to justify her voyage, unless her real business was piracy. The ship was of 200 tons, twenty guns, thirty-six men,

and the value of the cargo was but £1,000. Really, things do not look very well for the enterprise of Captain Green! There was also found a suspicious letter to one Reynolds, from his sister-in-law, advising him to confess, and referring to a letter of his own in which he said that some of the crew 'had basely confessed.' The lady's letter and a copy of Reynolds's, admitted by him to be correct, were before the Court.

Again, James Wilkie, tailor, had tried at Bruntisland to 'pump' Haines about Captain Drummond; Haines swore profane, but later said that he heard Drummond had turned pirate, and that off the coast of Malabar they had manned their sloop, lest Drummond, whom they believed to be on that coast, should attack them. Other witnesses corroborated Wilkie, and had heard Haines say that it was a wonder the ground did not open and swallow them for the wickedness 'that has been committed during the last voyage on board of that old [I omit a nautical term of endearment] *Bess*.' Someone telling Haines that the mate's uncle had been 'burned in oil' for trying to burn Dutch ships at Amsterdam, 'the said George Haines did tell the deponent that if what Captain Madder [the mate] had done during his last voyage were known, he deserved as much as his uncle had met with.' Anne Seaton, the girl of Haines's heart, admitted that Haines had told her 'that he knew more of Captain Drummond than he would express at that time,' and she had heard his expressions of remorse. He had blabbed to many witnesses of a precious something hidden aboard the *Worcester*; to Anne he said that he had now thrown it overboard. We shall see later what this object was. Anne was a reluctant witness. Glen, a goldsmith, had seen a seal of the Scots East India Company in the hands of Madder, the inference being that it was taken from the *Speedy Return*.

Sir David Dalrymple, for the prosecution, made the most he could of the evidence. The black cook's coat, taken from the captured vessel, 'in my judgment appears to be Scots rugg.' He also thought it a point in favour of the cook's veracity that he was very ill, and forced to lie down in court; in fact, the cook died suddenly on the day when Captain Green was condemned, and the Scots had a high opinion of dying confessions. The white cook, who joined the *Worcester* after the sea-fight, said that the black cook told him the whole story at that time. Why did the *Worcester* sail for thirty-five days to repair her leak, which she might have done at Goa or Surat, instead of sailing some 700 leagues for the

purpose? The jury found that there was 'one clear witness to robbery, piracy, and murder,' and accumulative corroboration.

The judges ordered fourteen hangings, to begin with those of Green, Madder, and three others on April 4. On March 16, at Edinburgh, Thomas Linsteed made an affidavit that the *Worcester* left him on shore, on business, about January 1703; that fishing crews reported the fight of the sloop against a vessel unknown; they left before the fight ended; that the Dutch and Portuguese told him how the *Worcester's* men had sold a prize, and thought but little of it, 'because it is what is ordinary on that coast,' and that the *Worcester's* people told him to ask them no questions. On March 27 George Haines made a full confession of the murder of a captured crew, he being accessory thereto, at Sacrifice Rock, between Tellicherry and Calicut; and that he himself, after being seized by Mackenzie, threw his journal of the exciting events overboard. Now, in his previous blabbings before the trial, as we have seen, Haines had spoken several times about something on board the *Worcester* which the Scots would be very glad to lay hands on, thereby indicating this journal of his; and he told Anne Seaton, as she deponed at the trial, that he had thrown the precious something overboard. In his confession of March 27 he explained what the mysterious something was. He also declared (March 28) that the victims of the piracy 'spoke the Scots language.' A sailor named Bruckley also made full confession. These men were reprieved, and doubtless expected to be; but Haines, I think, all the while remorseful, told the truth. The *Worcester* had been guilty of piracy.

But had she pirated the Scottish ship, the *Speedy Return*, Captain Drummond? As to that point, on April 5, in England, two of the crew of the *Worcester*, who must somehow have escaped from Mackenzie's raid, made affidavit that the *Worcester* fought no ship during her whole voyage. This would be more satisfactory if we knew more of the witnesses. On March 21, at Portsmouth, two other English mariners made affidavit that they had been of the crew of the *Speedy Return*; that she was captured by pirates, while Captain Drummond and Surgeon Wilkie were on shore, at Maritan in Madagascar; and that these two witnesses 'went on board a Moca ship called the *Defiance*,' escaped from her at the Mauritius, and returned to England in the *Raper* galley. Of the fate of Drummond and Wilkie, left ashore in Madagascar, they naturally knew nothing. If they spoke truth, Captain Green

certainly did not seize the *Speedy Return*, whatever dark and bloody deeds he may have done off the coast of Malabar.

In England, as Secretary Johnstone, son of the caitiff Covenanter, Waristoun, wrote to Baillie of Jerviswoode, the Whigs made party capital out of the proceedings against Green: they said it was a Jacobite plot. I conceive that few Scottish Whigs, to be sure, marched under Roderick Mackenzie.

In Scotland the Privy Council refused Queen Anne's demand that the execution of Green should be suspended till her pleasure was known, but they did grant a week's respite. On April 10 a mob, partly from the country, gathered in Edinburgh; the Privy Council, between the mob and the queen, let matters take their course. On April 11 the mob raged round the meeting-place of the Privy Council, rooms under the Parliament House, and cheived the Chancellor into a narrow close, whence he was hardly rescued. However, learning that Green was to swing after all, the mob withdrew to Leith sands, where they enjoyed the execution of an Englishman. The whole affair hastened the Union of 1707, for it was a clear case of union or war between the two nations.

As for Drummond, many years later, after the Porteous riot, Forbes of Culloden declared in the House of Commons that a few months after Green was hanged letters came from Captain Drummond, of the *Speedy Return*, 'and from the very ship for whose capture the unfortunate person suffered, informing their friends that they were all safe.' But the *Speedy Return* was taken by pirates, two of her crew say, off Madagascar, and burned. What was the date of the letters from the *Speedy Return* to which, long afterwards, Forbes, and he alone, referred? What was the date of the capture of the *Speedy Return*, at Maritan, in Madagascar? Without the dates we are no wiser.

Now comes an incidental and subsidiary mystery. In 1729 was published 'Madagascar, or Robert Drury's Journal during Fifteen Years' Captivity on that Island, written by Himself, digested into order, and now published at the Request of his Friends.' Drury says, as we shall see, that he, a lad of fifteen, was prisoner in Madagascar from about 1703 to 1718, and that there he met Captain Drummond, late of the *Speedy Return*. If so, Green certainly did not kill Captain Drummond. But Drury's narrative seems to be about as authentic and historical as the so-called 'Souvenirs of Madame de Créquy.' In the edition of 1890¹ of

¹ Fisher Unwin.

Drury's book, edited by Captain Pasfield Oliver, R.A., author of 'Madagascar,' the captain throws a lurid light on Drury and his volume. Captain Pasfield Oliver first produces what he thinks the best evidence for the genuineness of Drury, namely a letter of the Rev. Mr. Hirst, on board H.M.S. *Lenox*, off Madagascar, 1759. This gentleman praises Drury's book as the best and most authentic, for Drury says that he was wrecked in the *Degrave*, East Indiaman, and his story 'exactly agrees, as far as it goes, with the journal kept by Mr. John Benbow,' second mate of the *Degrave*. That journal of Benbow's was burned, in London, in 1714, but several of his friends remembered that it tallied with Drury's narrative. But as Drury's narrative was certainly 'edited,' very much edited, probably by Defoe, that master of fiction may easily have known the contents of Benbow's journal. Now, if Benbow's journal contained the same references to Captain Drummond in Madagascar as Drury gives, then the question is settled: Drummond died in Madagascar after a stormy existence of some eleven years on that island. As to Drury, Captain Pasfield Oliver thinks that his editor, probably Defoe, or an imitator of Defoe, 'faked' the book, partly out of De Flacourt's 'Histoire de Madagascar' (1661), and a French authority adds another old French source, Dapper's 'Description de l'Afrique.' Drury was himself a pirate, his editor thinks: Defoe picked his brains, or an imitator of Defoe did so, and Defoe, or whoever was the editor, would know the story that Drummond really lost the *Speedy Return* in Madagascar, and could introduce the Scottish adventurer into Drury's romance.

We can never be absolutely certain that Captain Drummond lost his ship, but lived on as a kind of *condottiere* to a native prince in Madagascar. Between us and complete satisfactory proof a great gulf has been made by fire and water, 'foes of old' as the Greek poet says, which conspired to destroy the journal kept by Haines and the journal kept by Benbow. The former would have told us what piratical adventures Captain Green achieved in the *Worcester*; the latter, if it spoke of Captain Drummond in Madagascar, would have proved that the captain and the *Speedy Return* were not among the *Worcester's* victims. If we could be sure that Benbow's journal corroborated Drury's romance, we could not be sure that the editor of the romance did not borrow the facts from the journal of Benbow, and we do not know that it made mention of Captain Drummond, for the only valid testimony as to the cap-

tain's appearance in Madagascar is the affidavit of Israel Phippany and Peter Freeland, at Portsmouth, March 31, 1705, and these mariners may have perjured themselves to save the lives of English seamen condemned by the Scots.

Yet, as a patriotic Scot, I have reason for believing in the English affidavit at Portsmouth. The reason is simple, but sufficient. Captain Drummond, if attacked by Captain Green, was the man to defeat that officer, make prize of his ship, and hang at the yardarm the crew which was so easily mastered by Mr. Roderick Mackenzie and eleven pretty fellows. Hence I conclude that the *Worcester* really had been pirating off the coast of Malabar, but that the ship taken by Captain Green in these waters was not the *Speedy Return*, but another, unknown. If so, there was no great miscarriage of justice, for the indictment against Captain Green did not accuse him of seizing the *Speedy Return*, but of piracy, robbery, and murder, though the affair of the *Speedy Return* was brought in to give local colour. This fact and the national excitement in Scotland probably turned the scale with the jury, who otherwise would have returned a verdict of 'Not Proven.' That verdict, in fact, would have been fitted to the merits of the case; but 'there was mair tint at Shirramuir' than when Captain Green was hanged. The whole affair was regarded at the time as an argument against Home Rule for Scotland, perhaps not unjustly.¹

¹ The trial is in Howell's *State Trials*, vol. xiv. 1812. Roderick Mackenzie's account of his seizure of the *Worcester* was discovered by the late Mr. Hill Burton, in an oak chest in the Advocates' Library, and is published in his *Scottish Criminal Trials*, vol. i., 1852.

A RAGAMUFFIN OF THE FOOTHILLS.¹

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

JEFF looked ruefully at the hot dusty road which curled upward and in front of him like a great white snake. At the top of the grade, where some pines stood out against the blue sky, hung a small reek of dust concealing the figure of his late companion. As Jeff gazed, the reek melted away. The young man told himself that he was alone in the brush foothills with a lame horse and a body (his own) so bruised and battered that it seemed to belong to somebody else.

'Hello!' said a voice.

Jeff stared into the chaparral. Wild lilac and big sage bushes, flowering lupins and giliacs, bordered the road, for spring was abroad in Southern California. A boy slipped through the lilacs.

'Jee—whiz!' said the boy. 'You've hurt yourself.'

'That's right,' Jeff replied.

'How did it happen?'

'The plug crossed his feet in the dip yonder and rolled plum over me. Say—do you want to earn an honest dollar?'

The adjective was emphasised, for none knew better than Jeff that the foothills of San Luis Obispo County harboured queer folk. The boy nodded.

'You must get a buggy, sonny.'

'A buggy? Anything else? As if buggies grew in the brush hills!'

Just then Jeff's sanguine complexion turned grey, and his eyes seemed to slip back into his head. The boy perceived a bulging pocket, out of which he whipped a flask. Jeff took a long drink; then he gasped out: 'Thunder! you was smart to find that flask. Ah-h-h!'

'You're in a real bad fix,' said the boy.

'I *am* in bad shape,' Jeff admitted. 'If I'd known I was going to lose the use o' myself like this, I wouldn't ha' been so doggoned keen about my friend leavin' me.'

'Your friend must be in a partic'lar hurry.'

'He was that,' Jeff murmured. A queer buzzing in his ears

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and an overpowering feeling of giddiness made him close his eyes. When he opened them, the boy had disappeared. Jeff saw that his horse had been tied up in the shade of a scrub-oak.

'That boy seems to have some sense,' he reflected. 'This is a knock-out, sure.'

Again he closed his eyes. A blue jay began to chatter; and when he had finished his screech, a cock quail challenged the silence. Very soon the wilderness was uttering all its familiar sounds. Jeff, lying flat on his back, could hear the rabbits scurrying through the chaparral. After an interminable delay his ears caught the crackle of dry twigs snapped beneath a human foot.

'Feelin' lonesome?'

'I'm mighty glad to see you again,' Jeff admitted. 'Ah, water! That's a sight better'n whisky.'

He drank thirstily, for the sun was high in the heavens and the road as hot as an oven.

'I reckoned you'd come back,' Jeff continued.

'Why?'

'To earn that dollar.' He eyed the lad's somewhat ragged overalls. 'Say—what do they call ye to home?'

'Bud.'

'Bud, eh? Short for brother. Folks got a fam'ly.' He reflected that Bud's sister, if he had one, might be nice-looking. 'Well, Bud, I'm under obligations to ye, for hitchin' up the plug in the shade. 'Twas thoughtful. Where ha' ye been?'

'I've been hunting Dad. But he's off in the hills. If I could get ye to our camp——'

'The plug 'll have to do it. Unhitch him.'

Bud untied the animal, who limped even more acutely than his master. Perhaps he lacked that master's grit. Jeff was the colour of parchment when he found himself in the saddle, whereon he sat huddled up, gripping the horn.

'Freeze on,' said the boy.

'You bet,' Jeff replied laconically.

Bud led the horse a few yards down the road, passing from it into the chaparral. Thence, through a tangled wilderness of scrub-oak and manzanita, down a steep slope, into a pretty cañon.

'Here we are.'

A sudden turn of the trail revealed a squatter's hut built of rough lumber and standing beneath a live-oak. A small creek was babbling its way to the Salinas River. The clearing in front of the hut was strewn with empty tins. A tumbledown

shed encircled by a corral was on the other side of the creek. Jeff knew at once that he was looking at one of the innumerable mountain claims taken up by Eastern settlers in the days of the great land boom, and forsaken by them a couple of years afterwards.

Jeff slid from the saddle on to his sound leg; then, counting rapidly the shining tins, he said reflectively:

'Bin here about a month, I reckon.'

'Yes—Mister—Sherlock—Holmes.'

Jeff stared. The ragamuffins of the foothills are not in the habit of reading fiction, although lying comes easy to them.

'Kin you read?' said Jeff.

'I—*kin*,' replied Bud, grinning (he had nice teeth). 'Kin you?'

'I can cuff a cheeky kid,' said Jeff, scowling.

'But you've got to catch him first.'

The boy laughed gaily, and ran into the house, as Jeff sat down propping his broad back against a tree.

'Things here are not what they seem,' Jeff murmured to his horse, who twitched an intelligent ear, as if he too was well aware that this was no home of squatter or miner. And who, else of honest men would choose to live in such a desolate spot?

Presently the boy came back, carrying a feed of crushed barley. Then he unsaddled the horse, watered him, and fed him. Jeff grunted approval.

'You're earnin' that dollar—every cent of it.'

A delightful fragrance of bacon floated to Jeff's nostrils. Evidently provision had been made for man as well as beast.

'That smells mighty good,' said Jeff.

Bud helped him to rise, but after one effort Jeff sank back groaning.

'It's my boot,' he explained. 'See—I'm wearing a number eight on a number fifteen hoof. W-w-what? Pull it off? Not for ten thousand dollars. We'll cut it off.'

Jeff produced a knife and felt its edge.

'It's sharp,' he said, 'sharp as you, Bud; but—doggone it! I can't use it.'

Bud saw the sweat start on his skin as he tried to pull the injured foot towards him.

'S'pose I do it?' the boy suggested.

'You've not got the nerve, Bud. Why, you're yellin' as cheese you poor little cuss.'

'I'm not,' said the boy, flushing suddenly.

He took the knife and began to cut the tough leather: a delicate operation, for Jeff's leg from knee to ankle was terribly swollen. Slowly and delicately the knife did its work. Finally, a horribly contused limb was revealed.

'Cold water—and plenty of it,' murmured Jeff.

'Or hot?'

'Mebbee hot 'd be better.'

Bud disappeared, whistling.

'That boy's earning a five-dollar bill,' said Jeff. 'I'm a liar if he ain't as bright as they make 'em.'

The hot water was brought, and some linen.

'I feel a heap better,' Jeff declared presently.

'How about dinner?'

'Bud, if ever I hev a son I hope he'll be jest like you. Say—you're earning big money—d'ye know it?—and my everlastin' gratitude.'

'That's all right. Hadn't I better bring the grub out here? It's nice and cool under this tree.'

Jeff nodded. The bacon and beans were brought out and consumed. Bud, however, refused to eat. He preferred to wait for his father. Jeff asked some questions, as he stowed away the bacon and beans.

'Your dad must be an awful nice man,' said he.

'He's the best and smartest man in the State,' said Bud proudly.

'Is he! And you two are campin' out for yer health—eh? Ye can't fool me, Bud.'

'Oh!'

'I sized you up at once as a city boy.'

'You're more than half right.'

'I'm all right, Bud. In my business I have to be all right. Bless you, it don't do to make mistakes in my business.'

'And what is your business?'

Jeff beamed. He was certainly a good-looking fellow, and warmed by food and, comparatively speaking, free from pain he was worthy of more than a passing glance.

'I'm deputy sheriff of San Luis Obispo County,' he declared, 'and mighty proud of it.'

'Proud of this yere county?' said the boy, 'or proud of being deputy sheriff?'

'By Jing! I'm proud o' both. The county's comin' along fine, and so'm I, Bud. It's a fact, sonny, that I'm held in

high esteem as an officer. Why, my boss said to me this very day: "Jeff," says he, "yer makin' a record."

'What sort o' record?'

Jeff flushed slightly. He was not in the habit of 'tooting his own horn,' as he would have put it, but the boy's face invited confidence.

'A record for dooin' my duty,' he answered slowly. "'Tain't as easy as you might think for.'

'No?'

'Not by no means. Ye see, Bud, in a new country 'tisn't only the real bad eggs that worries us. The community can deal with them. No, no, it's the good fellers gone wrong, the straight 'uns grown crooked, who keep us stirrin'. And sometimes, when a friend, a neighbour, flies the track, an officer is kind o' tempted to look the other way. See?'

'And you don't look the other way?'

Jeff's strong chin stuck out, and his eyes sparkled.

'You bet I don't.'

The boy eyed him attentively. The qualities conspicuous in the pioneer—energy, fortitude, grit, patience—shone finely out of Jeff's eyes.

'I like you—Jeff,' said the boy, almost shyly.

'Shake,' said Jeff. 'I like you, Bud.'

The two shook hands solemnly.

'Although I am a city boy,' said Bud.

'But it beats me what yer doing—here?'

'Just camping. Dad's a botanist and an entomologist.'

'Is that so?' Jeff's face shone. The presence of these strangers in the wild foothills was adequately explained. Then he laughed, showing strong even teeth. 'I'd like to meet your dad first rate, and, Bud, I'd like even better to meet your sister.'

He punched the boy in the ribs, chuckling to himself. The boy laughed too, freshly and frankly.

'Something like you, I reckon,' said Jeff, 'only cleaner and——'

'I'm as clean as they make 'em,' Bud declared angrily.

'Keep yer hair on, sonny. I'll allow yer as clean as they make boys, mebbee cleaner, but we're speaking o' girls. Have ye got her picture?'

'Whose picture?'

'Your sister's.'

'Well, I declare! How do you know I've got a sister?'

'I know it,' said Jeff. 'Call it instinct. Didn't I tell ye that in my business I've got to jest naturally know things? I jump, Bud, where the ordinary citizen might, so ter speak, crawl.'

The boy laughed gaily. Then he ran off, returning in a minute with a small leather case. Out of this he took a cabinet photograph, which he handed to Jeff. That gentleman became excited at once.

'I knew it—I knew it!' he exclaimed. 'She's a—*peach*! Bud, I'm mighty glad ye showed me this. Jee—whiz! Yes, and like you, only ten thousand times better-lookin'. What's her name, Bud?'

'You don't want to know her name.'

'I want to—the worst kind. My! Look at that cunning little curl! And her shape! You know nothing o' that yet, Bud, but I tell ye, sir, yer sister is put up just right according to my notions. Not too tall. Them strung-out, trained-to-a-hair, high-falutin girls never did fetch me. I like 'em round, and soft, and innocent. What's her name, sonny?'

'Sarah.'

'Sairy! Bud, I don't believe that. Sairy! I never did cotton to Sairy. Yer pullin' my leg, ye young scallywag. The nerve! No—ye don't.'

Jeff had stretched out a long, lean arm, and seized the boy by the shoulder in a grasp which tightened cruelly.

'Oh—oh!'

'Tell me her right name, ye little cuss, or I'll squeeze ye into pulp.'

'Lemme go! Dad calls her Sadie.'

Jeff released the shoulder, grinning.

'Sadie—that's a heap better. I—I could love to—to distraction a girl o' the name o' Sadie.'

'If Sadie were here——' Bud had removed himself to a respectful distance, and was now glaring at Jeff, and rubbing his bruised shoulder.

'I wish she was, I wish she was. You were saying, Bud——'

'I was saying that if Sadie were here, she'd fix you mighty quick.'

'Would she? God bless her!' He stared sentimentally at the photograph.

'Yes, she would. She'd let you know that a girl may be round—an' soft—an' innocent—and a holy terror too when a big, blundering galoot of a dep'ty sheriff talks o' loving somebody to

whom he's never been introduced, and never likely to be, neither.'

Jeff looked up in amazement.

'Why, Bud; why, sonny—ye're real mad! Why, you silly little whipper-snapper, ye don't think I'd talk that way if the young lady was around. Great Scott! Look ye here! Now—now I ain't goin' to hurt ye any. Come nearer. Ye won't? Well, then, don't! But, strictly between ourselves, I'll tell ye something, although it's agen myself. If your sister was here, right now, I—I'm so doggoned bashful—I wouldn't have a word to say—that's a fact.'

'I wish she were here,' said Bud, savagely.

'Now, Bud; that's a real nasty one. Ye don't mean that. Did I hurt yer shoulder, sonny?'

'Hurt it? I'll bet it's black and blue most already.'

'I'll bet it ain't. Pull down your shirt, an' let's see. Black and blue? You air a little liar.'

Bud slowly pulled up the sleeve of his faded blue jumper. Hand and wrist were burnt brown by the sun, but above, the flesh was white and soft. Just below the elbow flamed the red and purple marks left by Jeff's fingers.

'The shoulder's a sight worse than that,' said Bud, sulkily. Jeff displayed honest concern.

'Pore little Bud,' said he, patting the boy's hand which lay in his own. 'It is lucky fer me Miss Sadie ain't around. I reckon she *would* fix me for this. And I shouldn't have a word for her, as I was tellin' ye. She'd think me the biggest kind of a mug.'

So speaking, he picked up the photograph and half slipped it into the case.

'Twon't do fer me to look at her,' he murmured; 'but if ever there was a case——'

'Eh?'

'Never mind.'

'What were you going to say?'

'Somethin' very fullish.'

'Say it, Jeff. I'll not give ye away to Sadie. Honest, I won't.'

'I believe,' said Jeff solemnly, 'that I've got it where the bottle got the cork. It's a curious sort o' feeling, not unpleasant, but kind o' squirmy.'

'What in thunder are you at?'

'It's love, Bud—love at first sight. Now, mind—yer not to give me away. I'm in love end over end with your sister. Don't git mad! She'll never know it.'

'Are you often taken this way?'

'Never before, by Jing! That's what's so queer. Mebbe I pitched on my head. Mebbe I'm delirious.'

'Mebbee you always were—half-baked. Looks like it, I must say. Give me the case.'

'Any more sisters, Bud? I reckon not. The mould must ha' been broke when Miss Sadie was born. One 'll make trouble enough for we men. Is there another, Bud?'

'No.'

'There's another picture in there.'

'Yes—Dad's.'

Now it chanced that as Jeff drew the portrait of Bud's father from the case the boy had turned, and so missed the amazing expression of surprise, dismay, horror, that flitted into Jeff's honest face, and for the moment distorted it. But when he spoke his voice was the same, and his features were composed.

'This is your—dad?'

'Yes. I call him a peach.'

'It's a fine head—sure,' murmured Jeff.

Bud bent over him, eager to sing the praises of his sire. But, for the first time since man and boy had met, Jeff's face assumed a hard professional look. Bud eyed him interrogatively.

'Does your leg hurt any?'

'N-n-no.'

'I'll fetch some more hot water, if you say so.'

'I'm feelin' a heap easier—in my leg.'

He put the two photographs into the case, closed it, and handed it to Bud with a sigh.

'Maybe you will meet Sadie some day,' said Bud, taking the case.

'Maybe,' Jeff replied, with an indifference which made the boy stare. Jeff was gazing across the foothills with a queer steely glint in his blue eyes. Bud ran into the house.

Instantly, Jeff was alert. He pulled a tattered handbill from his pocket, smoothed it out, and read it with darkening brows. The bill offered a handsome reward for any information which would lead to the arrest of one Quincey, a defaulting assistant-cashier of a Santa Barbara bank. Quincey and his daughter had

disappeared in a springboard, drawn by a buckskin horse, and were supposed to have travelled south, in the hope of crossing the border into Mexico. At the head of the bill was a rough wood-cut of Quincey. Jeff crumpled up the sheet of paper, and stuffed it into his pocket.

'It's him—sure 'nough,' he growled. Then he gasped suddenly, 'Jee-roosalem! Bud is a rosebud!'

He smiled, frowned, and tugged at his moustache as Bud appeared with some more hot water. Jeff blushed.

'You're real kind, but I hate to give ye all this trouble.'

Bud, after bathing the swollen leg, glanced up sharply.

'You're as red as the king of hearts. You ain't going to have a fever?'

'I do feel kind o' feverish,' Jeff admitted.

Bud lightly touched his forehead.

'Why, it's burning hot, I do declare.'

Jeff closed his eyes, murmuring confusedly, 'I b'lieve it'd help me some if you was to stroke my derved head.'

Bud obediently smoothed his crisp curls. Jeff's forehead was certainly hot, and it grew no cooler beneath the touch of Bud's fingers.

'Hello!' exclaimed Bud, a few minutes later. 'Here's Dad coming across the creek.'

Quincey, for it was he, advanced leisurely, not seeing the figures under the live-oak. He carried a tin box and a butterfly-net. He was dressed in the brown overalls of Southern California, stained and discoloured by sun and tar-weed. His face, brown as the overalls, had, however, a pinched look, and in his eyes lay a curious tenseness familiar enough to deputy sheriffs. For the rest, he had a mild forehead, which he was wiping as he crossed the creek, a pleasant mouth, and a chin a thought too delicately modelled for a man. He walked soberly, with the dragging stride of a tired pedestrian. He was tall, thin, and angular.

Bud ran to meet him.

'We've comp'ny,' he cried, indicating Jeff. Quincey quickened his step.

'Company?'

Quincey met Jeff's glance with a simple bow, and the inevitable remark, 'Hurt yourself?'

Jeff explained. While describing his misadventure he decided

that Bud could not be a party to the father's crime. Quincey asked for permission to examine the wounded leg. Presently he asked Jeff to stand up.

'Oh, Dad!' protested Bud.

Jeff obeyed, glad to discover that he could stand upon the injured foot.

'Same thing happened to me once,' Quincey remarked. 'The tight boot caused more than half the trouble. Sit down, Mr. —?'

'Wells. Jefferson Wells.'

'Thank you. My name is—of no service to you. And this is my daughter—Sarah. Run away, Sadie.'

Jeff, watching the daughter, thought her confusion the prettiest thing he had ever seen.

'You are a cowboy, I presume?' said Quincey, as Bud disappeared. Not waiting for Jeff's answer, he went on fluently: 'I'm sure I can trust you; you have an honest face, sir. I'm collecting certain plants and butterflies, but—I have other reasons for camping out. My daughter has played the boy, because a boy is safe in these wild hills; an unprotected girl might be molested. We will do what we can for you. You, I am sure, will respect this confidence.'

Quincey played his trumps boldly, not knowing that he was speaking to a deputy sheriff. Jeff said nothing. Quincey, after asking if the horse had been fed and watered, followed his daughter into the hut. Jeff groaned to himself, 'Mighty soon I'll be wishing I'd never been born!'

However, assured that he was alone, he carefully examined his six-shooter, and began to reckon what chances there were for and against arresting Quincey single-handed. Ordinarily, he was quick enough at such calculations, but Bud introduced confusion into every sum. 'I'm in an awful hole,' reflected the unhappy Jeff.

The hole became a bottomless pit when Bud appeared in a pretty linen frock and asked him demurely how he fared.

'You're looking worse,' she said.

Changing her dress, she had cast off with the rough overalls such rugosities of manner, speech, and intonation as belonged to the ragamuffin of the foothills. Poor Jeff assumed his 'society' manner and accent.

'If I'd only known,' he began lamely.

'You never suspected?'

A note of anxiety escaped Jeff's ears.

'N-n-no. Of course not. Why, think how I handled you.'
Sadie blushed.

'I'll forget everything,' she whispered, showing a couple of dimples, 'and we'll begin all over again, Mr.—Wells.'

His confusion, which she attributed to bashfulness, encouraged the shameless coquette to add: 'Maybe you liked me better as Bud?' Jeff was scarlet as he replied: 'I liked Bud first rate, but Bud 'll remember what I said about his sister.' Then he quite spoiled the effect of this happy phrase by adding hurriedly: 'Say, I'd just as lief you didn't tell your father that I am a deputy sheriff.'

Sadie raised her dark brows.

'I thought you were so proud of that.'

'I tooted my own horn, like a tenderfoot.'

'But I liked what you said, Mr. Wells. That's the part I sha'n't forget. About doing your duty, you know. Dad would like that too. He's done his duty, has Dad—always.'

'I'll allow he's done his duty by you.'

She laughed gaily; then, seeing with a woman's quick eyes that the man was in pain, she said for the second time, 'I know you're feeling worse, Mr. Wells.'

A wiser than Jeff would have assented to this. Jeff rose hastily and walked a few paces.

'I'm most well,' he declared, irritably.

'Then what ails you?'

Jeff sat down again, smiling nervously.

'Well, Miss Sadie, I was thinking of the cruellest thing in this cruel world.'

'My! What's that?'

'Why do the innocent suffer for the sins o' the guilty?'

'You do fly the track.' She paused, gazing first at Jeff's troubled face, and then at the scene about them. The enchantress, Spring, had touched all things with her magical fingers. The time had come when

Half of the world a bridegroom is;
And half of the world a bride.

Very soon—within a month at most—the creek which ran so joyfully to the great ocean yonder would have run altogether out of sight, leaving a parched and desolate watercourse in its place. The grass, now a vivid green, bespangled with brilliant poppies, would fade into premature age and ugliness. The trees would have assumed the dust-covered livery of summer. The birds would be mute.

Sadie shrugged, protestingly, her slender shoulders.

'Suppose we talk of something else this lovely day?'

But Jeff paid no attention. In a crude, boyish fashion he had come to a decision.

'Shall I tell you a story?'

'Oh, please!'

'It happened to a friend of mine, a man I knew real well.'

'A love story, Mr. Wells?'

'There's love in it, Miss Sadie.'

'I'm glad of that.'

'This man, my friend, he was a brother deputy o' mine, came to be twenty-six without ever falling in love.'

'My! He must have been hard-hearted—your friend.'

'Mebbee. Well, one fine day he met his mate——'

'What was she like?'

'Like? Why, she was the sweetest thing on earth. I'd as lief try to describe a day such as this——'

'Oh! I know what's coming. You fell in love with your friend's sweetheart. Poor Mr. Wells!'

Jeff ignored this interruption.

'I was saying that my friend met *his* mate, nobody else's, and though he'd never met her before, by Jing! he knew right off she was his mate.'

'Love at first sight.'

'That's right. Love at first sight.'

Sadie's face and figure perceptibly relaxed. Her eyes softened delightfully. With parted lips she seemed to hang upon Jeff's next words.

'Unfortunately, she was the daughter of a thief.'

'A thief!'

'That ain't the right word. Embezzler, I reckon, would fit better. Leastwise, he'd made away with other folks' money, meanin' to put it back, no doubt, if he happened to strike the right lead. Luck was dead against him. Mind ye, he was a good citizen enough, as Westerners go. I don't deny that he'd average up as well as most. I remember the case well, because I read about it in the papers. The dry years had bu'st him, and the most of his friends too. Some o' these friends he'd helped. He was on their notes of hand, ye understand?'

He glanced at her sharply. Would she understand? Would she guess? No. In the pure, clear eyes upturned to his he read pity, sympathy, interest—nothing more. She nodded.

'When times mended in Southern California he thought he saw his chance to get back all he'd lost: just one o' those dead-sure shots which will miss fire. He'd not a cent of his own, so he borrowed, without askin' leave, a few hundreds, that was all, jest a few hundreds from somebody else.'

'He was a—thief,' said Sadie calmly.

'It's too hard a word, that. Now then, I'm getting to the point. My friend, deputy sheriff like me, found himself in this hell of—I mean in this terrible tight place. He was sent to arrest the father of the girl he loved.'

'Oh-h-h!'

This prolonged exclamation sadly puzzled Jeff, whose claim to consideration at the hands of many friends was a guileless transparency of purpose, a candour and simplicity unhappily too rare. Now, his climax, so artfully introduced, provoked nothing more satisfactory than this 'Oh-h-h!'

'Well,' continued Jeff, gazing almost fiercely into Sadie's eyes, 'my friend found the father, and he knew that he could arrest him, or he could earn the everlastin' gratitude of the girl by letting him escape—and *helping* him to escape.'

'And what did your friend do?' Sadie asked quietly.

'What do you think he did, Miss Sadie?'

'Did the girl know that her father was a thief?'

'She was as innocent as Mary's little lamb.'

'I don't know what your friend did,' said Sadie, in a clear, emphatic voice, 'but I do know what he ought to have done. His first duty was to his State.'

Jeff stared, and then laughed.

'To his State. That's so. Yes, yes; and that's how my friend acted. He did arrest the father, and the daughter—why, o' course, she never spoke to him again.'

'It's a sad story,' said Sadie, after a pause. 'I'm sorry you told it to me to-day, because——' her voice faltered.

'Yes,' said Jeff 'because——'

'Because it has been so pleasant to-day—for me, I mean.'

She looked down, blushing. Jeff seized her hand. Sadie tried, not very hard, to pull it away. Jeff felt the muscles relaxing, the slight form swayed towards him. Suddenly he released her.

'O my God,' he exclaimed. 'You are right, I feel in all my bones you're dead right. I ought to do my duty. I'm feeling and behaving like a madman.'

Sadie stared at him in troubled silence. She believed that in

losing his heart the poor fellow had lost his wits also. Yet she was sensible that love for her lay at the root of his distress. And his pain, for his suffering was pitiful to behold, puckered her brows, twisted her lips. With a soft cry she touched timidly his shoulder.

'If you think,' she smiled faintly, 'that because we've only known each other a few hours, I——'

Jeff laughed. The laugh hurt the girl, so that she shrank from him. So engrossed were the pair that neither marked Quincey as he opened the door of the hut. He advanced a couple of steps, smoking a pipe, and then paused astonished, as Jeff's next words reached him.

'Look at here,' he burst out. 'That story—— It's my own story. I left San Luis yesterday afternoon to arrest your father. The sheriff an' me knew he was somewhere in these foothills.'

'You have come to arrest—Dad?'

'That's it.'

She stared at him confusedly, trying to recall his story. Jeff waited.

'You called him a thief. Dad—a thief! How dare you? How dare you? It's a lie, or—or,' she faltered 'or a mistake.'

'No mistake,' said Jeff, wretchedly.

He had risen. Man and maid stared fiercely into each other's faces. Behind them, Quincey stood quietly observant, but his right hand stole down to his pocket.

'Hold up your hands!' he said sharply.

Jeff and the girl sprang apart. Quincey had levelled a pistol at the deputy sheriff, repeating his words with one addition: '*Quick!*' Jeff raised his hands.

'He carries a "gun,"' said Quincey to his daughter. 'Take it from him.'

She obeyed. Her face was white as milk, but not with fear. The man who held the pistol had ceased for the moment to bear any resemblance to her father, but assuredly he was the defaulter whom Jeff Wells and the sheriff sought. The expression upon his face revealed that, if nothing else. Sadie removed the pistol and brought it to Quincey.

'In the hut, on a nail behind the door, is a piece of cord. Fetch it!'

She fetched it.

'Tie his hands behind his back. Tie 'em good and firm. Take your time. Make a job of it. That's it. Now, then, hitch the loose ends round that scrub-oak. That's right. Now

go into the house, and slip into your overalls. We'll be shifting camp in less than half an hour.'

'Dad!'

'Well?'

'It's true, then?'

He smiled grimly.

'Yes—it's true. Get a move on you. Mr. Wells and I are going to have a little talk.'

She walked slowly towards the hut; then suddenly she turned, flying back on nimble feet.

'Dad,' she said quickly. 'Mr. Wells will help us, if you ask him, if—if I ask him.' She approached Jeff. 'I told you that your duty was to the State,' she continued, 'but I take that back. Do you hear? Save Dad! I don't care what he has done to others, he's always been so good to me. And if you will help us, I—I—'

'Sadie!'

Quincey's voice was very harsh.

'Yes, Dad.'

'Leave us. Not a word, child. Go!'

She moved away, the tears trickling from her eyes. Nothing was said till the door had closed behind her; then Jeff broke the silence, in a voice with a strange rasp to it.

'I will help you, Mr. Quincey.'

Quincey thrust his weapon into his pocket, and came close to the speaker, eyeing him attentively. An impartial observer might have pronounced the younger man to be the defaulter.

'You'll help me—eh? How?'

'I can get you safe into Mexico.'

'Can you?'

'At a word from me the sheriff 'll be huntin' somewheres else. See?'

'I see.'

'Don't think you'll squeeze through without me. I reckon you've a springboard and a buckskin in the barn over there?'

'Maybe.'

'The officers are looking for that buckskin in every little burg between Santa Cruz and San Diego. You can't pack your grub and blankets a-foot. I can supply everything. Nobody'll suspect me.'

'Why not?'

'Because—because o' my record.'

'Oh. It's a clean one, is it?'

'It is that.'

'Sadie cottoned to you right away. Because she sized you up as straight, I surmise.'

The speaker smoked silently for a moment; Jeff held his tongue, but his cheeks were red and hot.

'Sadie may sour on me now,' said the father heavily.

'Sour on you, Mr. Quincey! Not she.'

Quincey frowned. Then he opened a knife and slashed the cord which bound Jeff. The fingers which held his pipe were trembling.

'You'll let me fix things?' said Jeff, in a low voice.

'And then—suppose—suppose Sadie soured on you?'

'I'll risk that,' Jeff answered slowly. 'She's more'n likely to.'

'Um.'

'You're going to give me a free hand?'

'No.'

The monosyllable burst from his lips with a violence that indicated the rending asunder of strong barriers.

'No,' he repeated. 'One of us, Jefferson Wells, must be an honest man. I ain't going to whine about the luck, but I stole—I stole—for her. I wanted to give her what she'd always had from me: a pretty home, nice clothes, a good time. And what's the result?' He laughed hoarsely. 'This—this hut, those overalls, beans and bacon to eat, and now—now—the knowledge that her dad is a thief. Well, she's cottoned to you. I read it in her face. Quick work, they'd say back east, but in this new country folks have to think quick and act quick. I can think quick and act quick. You want her?'

'Worse than I ever wanted anything in my life.'

'You can take care of her?'

'I am well fixed. A nest-egg in the bank, a good salary, and a pair of arms that can carry a heavier load than she'll ever be.'

Quincey nodded; then he spoke very deliberately: 'I'm going back to Santa Barbara to face the music. I shall give myself up. Hold on—let me finish! I know something of women, and Sadie is the daughter of a New England mother. It's lucky she's dead, poor soul! Don't you ever dare to tell Sadie *that you weakened*. When she lies awake nights—and she will—it may comfort her some to think that her husband is an honest man. I'm going to take the trail now. When Sadie comes out o' there, tell her, with my love, that I've left her in your charge.'

THE NEW CHEMISTRY.

II.—THE MECHANICS OF CHEMICAL CHANGE.

IN science, as in every other field of human endeavour, the centre of interest is for ever shifting. Yesterday the chemico-biological discoveries of Pasteur and his colleagues held us all enchained. The day before, Faraday's researches in electricity riveted attention. To-day we all watch the borderlands where chemists and physicists are busy unravelling the mystery of radium and radio-activity. But at all times side by side, or perhaps I should say underneath, these waves of thought, if I may call them so, great currents flow quietly, steadily, and, by most of us, unseen, which are not less important than the more visible disturbances, however great these may be.

One of these great currents forms the subject of this article.

I wonder if my readers have ever pondered on the subject of the great force which presides over those changes, called chemical changes, which play so tremendous a part in the world we live in? Most of them, no doubt, have often heard the term 'chemical affinity.' A few, perhaps, have a tolerably definite idea that by chemical affinity we mean the cause of chemical combining; the property of the chemical atoms which causes them, as we say, to unite and form all the thousands and thousands of combinations which we meet in nature and which chemists produce in their laboratories. Probably very few are aware of the fascinating researches and speculations on this subject which have occupied the minds of chemists more or less continuously for many centuries. And yet the results of these researches and speculations are hardly less interesting, and hardly less mysterious, than that exciting substance radium and the other radio-active substances, though, as I have said, they are by no means equally familiar to most of us.

It would be absurd, here, to attempt to trace back the history of this subject to the thirteenth century, when Albertus Magnus, Bishop of Regensburg—who was said to be *magnus in magia naturali*, *major in philosophia*, *maximus in theologia*—an upholder of the birds-of-a-feather-flock-together theory of chemical action, employed

the word 'affinitas' to express the idea that substances which combine must have some kinship, something in common. Partly because this idea ignored the very obvious fact that the substances which combine most vigorously are just those which are most unlike one another, but still more because until Robert Boyle—the father of chemistry and the uncle of the Earl of Cork—had taught us in his famous book 'The Sceptical Chymist' (1661) to discard the elements of Empedocles, earth, air, fire, water,¹ and enunciated the modern axiom that we must regard as the true 'elements' those substances which have never yet been decomposed, no real investigation of the subject from the modern point of view was possible. Even after the publication of 'The Sceptical Chymist' the rate of progress was slow, so that late in the seventeenth century we find Lemery, the author of one of the most successful books on chemistry at this period, committing himself to the fanciful idea that combination between two particles, *e.g.* between metallic particles and particles of sulphur, depends on the particles of one element being provided with spines or sharp points, and on the particles of the other being porous, the act of combining itself consisting in the fitting of the spines of the one more or less perfectly into the pores of the other. Nevertheless some progress of a useful kind was soon made. After Boyle, chemists began to explain the simpler phenomena of combination and decomposition in terms which show that the idea of the selective character of chemical attraction, to which we shall recur, was beginning to be grasped by the leaders in the science. And at this time also we find them drawing up tables of affinity for the various acids and alkalis which, though they have not survived, did good work by directing attention to the important point that the strength of chemical attraction in any given case is not a fixed quantity, but varies with temperature: a fact which was brought out by the circumstance that it was necessary to construct different tables of affinity for low temperatures, moderate temperatures, and high temperatures. At one time there was a disposition to confuse chemical attraction with the attraction of gravitation. But Newton and Bergmann, the great Swedish master, saw clearly that, as the former acts only at very minute distances while the latter acts at immense distances, there must be some difference between them.

When Liebig began to send his famous 'Familiar Letters on Chemistry' to the 'Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung' more than

¹ Usually attributed to Aristotle.

half a century ago, he was able to dispose of the subject of 'Chemical Affinity' in a very few pages in one of the earlier letters. 'In order,' he says, 'to obtain a clear and vivid comprehension of the almost miraculous order and regularity in which bodies enter into combination with each other, we must bear in mind the meaning the chemist attaches to the terms combination and decomposition,' since all or nearly all the more familiar chemical phenomena depend upon these. And he went on to tell his generation that the ultimate causes of these chemical phenomena are 'chemical forces' which 'differ from all other forces, inasmuch as we perceive their existence only by their manifestations when bodies come into immediate contact with each other.' Also that this chemical force or 'chemical affinity' is strongest between elements which differ most in their general properties, and weakest in the case of elements which are members of the same or allied families. And, again, that the action of 'chemical affinity' may be modified by means of heat and by the presence of water or other solvents to such an extent that the chemist can use the different behaviour of substances in solution in different liquids, and their deportment at high temperatures, as a powerful means of analysis in the laboratory.

To-day this matter seems by no means so simple. On the contrary, it positively bristles with unsolved questions which are at once, if I may be excused the paradox, sources of obscurity and of enlightenment.

But the truth is that even in Liebig's time the question of the nature of chemical affinity and its mode of action was not so simple and well understood as we might suppose from some of the writings of that period. Chemists were too busily occupied just then in laying the foundations of organic chemistry and physiological chemistry, and, generally, in extending the boundaries of their science and occupying new and recently acquired fields of research, to have much time to study affinity.

The fact is that nothing is more difficult than to state clearly the relative affinities of half a dozen common elements. We can measure the masses of the atoms of these elements, though millions of millions of millions of them can go into a lady's thimble. We can compare their powers of conducting heat and electricity, find their melting-points, and learn a dozen other things about them with considerable certainty. But when we attempt to decide whether an atom of an element A or an atom of an element B has the greater attraction for an atom of a third element C, we find

the problem almost as perplexing as to tell beforehand which of two maids a man will fall in love with. It has been done, it is true, within certain limits, but it is most difficult, the complications are so many. Let me give a few illustrations :

Suppose we mix oxygen from the air with the gas hydrogen in a glass tube and leave them together for a few hours, days, or weeks. Nothing will happen ; they will remain a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen. Oxygen and hydrogen, therefore, we might conclude, are without chemical attraction. Suppose we heat this mixture, however, at any point by means of an electric spark, or a very hot wire. When we do this we find that the gases combine, if they are in suitable proportions, and that water is formed. Oxygen and hydrogen, then, acquire the power of attracting one another when heated. It is all a question of temperature. They attract each other when hot, not when cold. High temperature, in other words, promotes the action of chemical affinity. But suppose we go a little further. Suppose we take the water formed at the second stage of our experiment, convert it into steam, pass a torrent of electric discharges from an induction coil through it, and examine what remains. If we do this we shall find, in the expressive language of a youthful pupil of mine, that we have 'electrocuted' some of the water, that we have partly reconverted it into oxygen and hydrogen. What can we say now about the mutual affinity of oxygen and hydrogen ? See how entirely their power to attract one another seems to depend upon temperature, how they rival 'Mr. Facing Bothways' in their disposition to accommodate themselves to circumstances.

Again, there is a very simple method of making iron, the metal, from iron rust, which is a compound of iron and oxygen. All we have to do is to pass a current of hydrogen over the iron rust heated to redness in a tube. Then water is formed from the hydrogen and oxygen, and metallic iron remains as a black powder which has the peculiarity of catching fire and burning up like so much charcoal if it is exposed to the air when fresh. May we not safely conclude from this that, since hydrogen can withdraw oxygen from iron rust, the affinity between hydrogen and oxygen must be greater than that between iron and oxygen ? Certainly, we should be tempted to think so if it were not quite easy to get evidence in support of exactly the opposite conclusion : if it were not for the fact that if one passes steam, oxide of hydrogen, over red-hot metallic iron, instead of the element hydrogen over oxide of iron,

then the oxygen leaves the hydrogen and unites with the iron, forming an oxide, which I may mention is magnetic like the loadstone, while the hydrogen goes free. Now, would not this, taken by itself, indicate quite definitely that iron, and not hydrogen, has the greater attraction or affinity for oxygen?

What are we to think on this subject? What is the explanation of these and similar contradictory phenomena?

Chemists have long been busy with this question. It was brought to the front by Berthollet in an historic discussion with Proust, his fellow-countryman, on the subject of the law of definite proportions, which expresses what we regard as the established truth, since no well-established fact to the contrary can be produced, that every given chemical compound, for example water, always contains the same elements, in this case hydrogen and oxygen, and always in the same proportions.

According to Berthollet, all the elements may be considered to possess affinity for one another, and this affinity is one of the determining causes in any given case of chemical change. But it is not the only determining cause; its action is subject to the influence, also, of various physical forces, and to the influence of the masses of the acting substances. Berthollet's famous memoir was produced under most interesting circumstances. When Napoleon the Great undertook his celebrated expeditions to Italy and Egypt he did not go only with armies of soldiers, he took with him, also, companies of the leading French *savants*. Among the foremost of these *savants* was Claude Louis Berthollet, and it was at a sitting of the 'Egyptian Institute' at Cairo in July 1799 that Berthollet read the famous memoir on the Laws of Affinity, in which he asserted that the action of affinity and the progress of chemical changes are largely dependent on the solubility, insolubility, volatility, &c., of the substances concerned. Berthollet did not convince his colleagues that only insoluble substances, volatile substances, &c., contain their constituents in fixed proportions, for the facts were against him. But he advanced in this memoir, of such romantic origin, and in his great work on chemical statics a few years later, ideas which play a great part in chemistry to this day.

I have already discussed one aspect of the new chemistry in the pages of the CORNHILL.¹ And I then showed how the results of modern research force us to admit that the chemical

¹ March 1903.

atoms in acids, bases, and salts are by no means so rigidly held together in their molecules by chemical attraction as was formerly supposed; how, on the contrary, we now believe with Faraday that chemical actions are, as Davy surmised, indistinguishable from electrical actions; and with Arrhenius and his colleagues that these apparently stable substances when in solution, and often, also, when fused by heat alone, are to a great extent in a decomposed or dissociated state; so that a solution of common table salt, for example, in water consists only partly of salt, and partly, and, if the solution be a very weak one, largely, of its *ions* (*i.e.* of atoms of sodium and atoms of chlorine bearing respectively charges of positive and negative electricity) wandering about among the molecules of salt. Nor does the change in our ideas of the constitution of such a substance stop here. For we conclude further, that such a solution, though it seems so quiet, is really a scene of intense activity; that, in it, salt molecules every moment are breaking up into their *ions* by thousands, and that these *ions*, the positive and negative particles, are, as the result of their frequent encounters as they wander in the liquid, constantly reuniting to form salt. We have substituted, in short, a dynamical conception of such a solution for the statical conception which held the field a century ago. We see, or believe we see, a state of change where our predecessors saw a state of rest.

But if now we pursue this new conception of the constitution of a solution of an electrolyte, as we term the class of substances we are considering, we shall perceive that the ideas of our predecessors were not so much wrong as imperfect. For is it not plain that, in a state of affairs such as I have pictured, things would quickly arrive, if not at a state of rest, at least at a state of equilibrium, which might easily be mistaken for a state of rest? For we see, on consideration, that when first the salt is dissolved, or melted, its molecules must, according to the hypothesis before us, begin to break up one by one into their *ions*, into sodium ions and chlorine ions, and that for a moment this change alone will occur. As soon, however, as there are some positive and negative *ions* wandering in the solution, these will meet from time to time, and when they do so probably will reproduce molecules of the original salt. At first the number of the free *ions* will be very small in proportion to the number of molecules of the original salt. But as the salt molecules continue to break up the number of these will diminish, while the number of free *ions* will correspondingly increase. Thus

the rate at which the salt molecules break up must constantly become slower from the first, while the rate at which the free ions recombine and reproduce salt will constantly become quicker, until at length salt will be produced by the latter change just as quickly as it is destroyed by the former change, and so a state of balance or equilibrium will be reached in which the proportions of salt and of its positive and negative ions present in a given volume of the solution will remain unchanged. Ideas of this sort play a great part in modern chemistry, and may be said to form the foundation of what we term 'Chemical Dynamics,' which is the branch of chemistry which concerns itself with chemical changes, and endeavours to trace the movements and transpositions of the atoms in those changes. In chemical dynamics we do not deal with single substances, with views on the atomic constitution of matter, nor on the arrangement of the atoms in the molecules—these belong to 'Chemical Statics'—but devote ourselves to the mutual actions of groups of substances in chemical changes, to the rates or velocities at which such changes progress, and to chemical equilibrium. Only a few years ago 'chemical dynamics' occupied a comparatively minor place in the science. But to-day the most advanced masters claim for it the first place. It will be impossible, of course, here, to do more than give in outline a few illustrations of this facet of the New Chemistry.

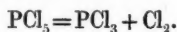
And now I must ask my reader to go back with me for a moment to the beginning, so to speak, of our subject. This is necessary if we are to gain a clear comprehension of the present state of knowledge on the matter before us. Chemists assume, at any rate as a working hypothesis, that in chemical changes they have to deal with very small particles of matter. We call these particles *atoms*, and hold that every element has its characteristic atom. Further, we assume that the atoms of the seventy or eighty elements known to us come together in various groupings, and so form the thousands and thousands of decomposable substances, called *chemical compounds*, met with in nature or produced in the laboratory.

Now the weights of the atoms are believed on very good grounds to be fixed and definite for each element, and, therefore, we can represent them by symbols. Thus the wonderful phosphorescent element phosphorus has atoms which weigh thirty-one times as much as an atom of hydrogen, and therefore are said to have the atomic weight 31, and this atom is represented in the algebra of the chemist by the symbol P. Similarly atoms of chlorine, the stinking

gas used for bleaching calico and other things, also have a fixed weight, 35.5, and are represented by the symbol Cl.

Suppose, now, we wish to represent the product of the combining of chlorine with phosphorus, we may write it PCl_3 or PCl_5 , for there are two such compounds and the proportions of chlorine and phosphorus in them are in the first case 106.5, *i.e.* 35.5 multiplied by three, and in the second 177.5, *i.e.* 35.5 multiplied by five, of the former to thirty-one parts of the latter, which makes it plain that one atom of phosphorus can combine with three or with five atoms of chlorine, according to the quantity presented to it, and, as we shall see shortly, to other circumstances. For the sake of subsequent clearness I must add that the above formulæ represent what chemists call *molecules* of the two chlorides of phosphorus, a molecule being the smallest particle of any given substance which we can imagine as existing alone. Now it is plain that a molecule could not be less than the quantities respectively represented by the formulæ PCl_3 and PCl_5 , for in order to get smaller molecules we should have to cut up the atoms of phosphorus into smaller pieces, and, as I have said, atoms are, *ex hypothesi*, particles which cannot be subdivided.

I have selected these examples of the symbols and formulæ of the chemist because with their aid I can give the reader a clear idea of what we mean by a *reversible chemical change*. If some of the second or pentachloride of phosphorus, PCl_5 , is heated in a closed vessel, we find that its vapour changes into a mixture of the trichloride, PCl_3 , and free chlorine gas, Cl_2 , which fact, thrown into a chemical equation, is expressed thus :



If we then cool the vessel the pentachloride will be re-formed, which, as an equation, is written :



That is to say, that while the pentachloride of phosphorus is decomposed by heat, its components reunite on cooling, provided that the products of the first change are kept together.

We call a change which can thus take place backwards and forwards a reversible change, and in books on chemistry such a change is written :



the two arrowheads being pointed in opposite directions to indicate the fact that the pentachloride, PCl_5 , splits up, or the products of its decomposition recombine, according to circumstances. It is possible, in fact certain, that these two opposite changes may proceed simultaneously.

All chemical changes are not so obviously reversible as this one, but very many are so, and those which are not often owe this to the circumstance that the conditions under which they occur are such as to prevent the second or reverse actions from coming off. For example, we all know that for thousands of years quicklime has been made by heating limestone, and that kilns for making lime in that way are common objects on the country-side. Now, if limestone be heated in a practically unlimited space, as in the open air, or in a powerful draught of air, as in a limekiln, it breaks up into quicklime and a gas called carbonic acid gas which rapidly flies out of reach of the quicklime never to return, and so presently the latter only is left. This change carried out in this way seems not to be reversible.

But if a piece of limestone is heated in a strong, exhausted, airtight vessel, so that the gas cannot get away from the lime, but must stay in contact with it, and if the vessel is provided with a pressure gauge, so that we can detect the rate at which the gas is given off by its effect on the gauge, we shall discover that the limestone is not decomposed suddenly as in an explosion, or at one particular temperature, but gradually, and at an increasing rate as we increase the temperature to which we subject it.

Now this at first sight is rather surprising. How can such a thing be? The gas begins to come off somewhat below 600°C . That is to say, some particles of limestone are decomposed at 600°C . and, on the other hand, other particles of the same substance remain unaffected although they are heated equally strongly. This seems absurd. Surely all the particles of the *same* substance, quicklime, would be decomposed at 600°C . if any are so decomposed. At any rate we think this would be so if we maintained that temperature for a sufficiently extended period.

But suppose the change is a reversible change. Suppose that as soon as some particles of limestone are split into quicklime and carbonic acid gas the latter substances begin to recombine, reproducing limestone. Then, is it not likely that these two opposite changes would tend to balance one another?

There is a simple way of testing the validity of this hypothesis, viz. to try to carry out the experiment backwards and observe

whether the results obtained in that case are consistent with it. Now suppose we heat some pure, dry limestone in our apparatus to certain fixed temperatures; for example, to 600°C ., to 650°C ., and to 700°C . We shall find that a certain pressure called the 'dissociation pressure' can be reached at each temperature, but not a greater pressure. At 700°C ., for example, this maximum pressure will be equal to that of a column of quicksilver about 15 centimetres high. We shall find, further, that this pressure does not depend on the amount of limestone taken, nor on the amount of quicklime produced by decomposing the limestone, but only on the temperature applied. So that if at 700°C ., when the pressure has reached the maximum, we pump away the gas till we have reduced the pressure to the zero point and then cease pumping, but maintain the temperature at 700°C ., the pressure will rise again gradually to the same maximum as before. And so again and again, although the amount of quicklime is increasing and the amount of limestone decreasing, until all the limestone is destroyed and nothing but quicklime remains in the tube. If next, when nothing but quicklime is left in the vessel, we allow carbonic acid gas to flow into it till we have filled it to a pressure equal to that of the barometer, say 760 millimetres, keeping it as before at 700°C ., we shall find that the gas is absorbed and the pressure falls till it reaches its former maximum, of 15 centimetres, for this temperature; and that if we afterwards lower the temperature, first to 650°C . and then to 600°C ., the pressure will fall still lower, viz. to the maxima corresponding respectively to 650°C . and to 600°C . Finally, if at 600°C . we raise the pressure by adding more carbonic acid gas it will gradually fall back to the pressure corresponding to 600°C ., and will do this again and again until the quicklime is all reconverted into limestone once more.

There is, therefore, no doubt that, as the facts quoted above made us suspect, the two changes, viz. that by which limestone is destroyed and that by which it is reproduced, can both of them go on at the same time, in the same tube, at the same temperature; and that the state of equilibrium, which seemed so puzzling to us at first, was due to the fact that these two opposite processes were going on simultaneously at equal rates, and thus exactly balanced one another.

Increase of temperature, as we have seen, obviously causes a rise in the 'dissociation pressure' of quicklime, because more limestone is decomposed, and more carbonic acid gas given off. Now, why has increase of temperature this effect? Do not the

facts seem to imply that there are differences in the rates, or velocities, at which limestone splits up at different temperatures, or differences perhaps in the rates at which quicklime and carbonic acid gas recombine? And is it not possible that these facts might give us a means of comparing or measuring these velocities?

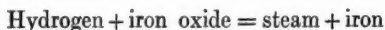
We can now understand why limestone behaves so differently when heated to about 600° C. or 700° C. in a limekiln through which a current of air is passing, and in a tightly closed vessel. In the former case the affinities of the quicklime and carbonic acid gas have but little opportunity of coming into play. When limestone is heated in a limekiln to a red heat decomposition ensues, as in our closed vessel; this may proceed until the dissociation pressure corresponding to the temperature of the furnace is reached, and if the top of the kiln were closed the action would then stop, as it does in a closed vessel, owing to the recombining of the products of the decomposition being in equilibrium with the opposite process. But the current of gases which passes through the kiln from the bottom to the top sweeps away the carbonic acid gas almost as fast as it is liberated. Thus it has very little opportunity of reuniting with the quicklime, and the reverse action does not take place, but only that in which the limestone is destroyed, and so the latter is quickly and completely 'burnt' into lime. There is a very elegant experiment illustrating this point. It consists in heating two crystals of limestone in the form of Iceland spar, equally, side by side in two tubes, and passing air through one tube and carbonic acid gas through the other. When this is done at a suitable temperature the crystal heated in air quickly loses its lustre and becomes opaque as it gives up carbonic acid gas and is converted into quicklime, while the other crystal, owing to the presence of carbonic acid gas, is scarcely affected.

If, now, we apply what we have learnt from the behaviour of limestone to the contradictory behaviour of steam and iron, and of iron oxide and hydrogen, quoted on an earlier page, we see a possible explanation of the mystery. The fact is this. When the chemist passes steam over iron filings in order to make hydrogen he uses practically unlimited quantities of steam, and so sweeps away the hydrogen as quickly as it is formed. Hence the hydrogen has little opportunity of reacting with the oxide of iron produced in the direct change:



and so in time all the iron is converted into oxide of iron.

On the other hand, when the chemist reverses the change and passes hydrogen over iron oxide he uses unlimited, or, at any rate, very large quantities of hydrogen, and arranges his apparatus so that the steam produced in the change :



is swept very rapidly away from the iron, and given little or no opportunity of reversing the change by reacting again with the latter. In other words, in each of these experiments he prevents the establishment of a condition of equilibrium among the substances concerned by sweeping one of the products of the change out of the field of action. Thus these experiments throw no light on the relative affinities of iron and hydrogen for oxygen ; though they illustrate admirably the fact that the progress of a chemical change does not depend only on the affinities of the substances concerned in the change.

It would be easy to multiply examples of this kind, and to show how similar effects can be brought about in the case of substances which by their action upon each other in solutions produce solid precipitates, or gases which escape as they are formed, and so determine the final result. But to go into greater detail probably would only confuse, and enough has now been said, perhaps, to show how essentially dynamical are the conceptions of modern chemistry. Though, for convenience, we still combine our symbols in equations which suggest that the molecules after a reaction are in a state of statical equilibrium, their atoms at rest, held together by the attraction called 'chemical affinity' ; yet, when we contemplate the behaviour of these molecules in relation to one another, we frequently find it necessary to admit that such a state of rest is quite inconsistent with the facts of the case, and are driven to conclude that the atoms which compose the molecules are really in a state of continual motion, that no single molecule lasts very long, that all from time to time break up into their constituents, or enter into reactions with other molecules which may approach them ; and that the products of these changes, equally unstable, reverse these effects at an equal rate, a slower rate, or a faster rate, according to the conditions which may prevail for the moment.

There is one other remarkable department of our subject which we must not pass by. If you prepare a strong hot solution of the salt known to photographers as 'Hypo' in water, and set it aside

in a flask well protected from air, and from the dust which air always carries, your solution as it cools will remain clear and transparent almost indefinitely, and at any rate for a very long time. But if you expose it to the air, and especially if you touch it with a fragment of the original salt, even though the fragment be microscopically minute, a change will instantly set in. Crystals will start from the nucleus and spread rapidly, so that in a few seconds the whole contents of the flask, however large it may be, will be transformed into a solid mass of crystals. Such a solution, before it comes into contact with the solid salt, is known as a supersaturated solution. Its parts are evidently in a state of equilibrium. Yet so unstable is this equilibrium, as you can easily prove, for the experiment is one which anyone can perform, that mere contact with an almost unweighable portion of the solid salt determines changes of a relatively tremendous character. Now the action of the crystal in this experiment may perhaps be regarded as physical. But there are plenty of analogous examples of 'contact actions' to be met with in chemistry in which it is found that the presence of a definite substance accelerates and sometimes starts a given change without the stimulating substance itself being sensibly altered in the process. Finely divided platinum, for example, promotes, by its mere presence, the breaking up of hydrogen iodide into its constituents, hydrogen and iodine; and also, it is found, promotes the reverse process, the combining of hydrogen with iodine to form hydrogen iodide. A number of interesting changes of this class were discussed a few months ago in an article on 'Ferments.' But one other case, the influence of traces of water, is so remarkable that it deserves mention here.

In quite an astonishing number of cases chemical change has been found to take place only in the presence of a trace of water vapour. Thus, highly combustible substances such as charcoal, sulphur, and even phosphorus may be heated quite strongly in air or oxygen and yet not burn, if both have been thoroughly dried beforehand. And again, while ammonia, the gas given off by smelling salts, will readily combine with hydrochloric acid, the spirit of salts of the Middle Ages, when they are cold, and while the product of their combination, ammonium chloride, is readily broken up by heat, neither of these changes will take place if the substances experimented on are thoroughly dried before the experiment is made. So many cases of this kind have been discovered that at one time it was beginning to be suspected that chemical change might be

impossible *in the absence of water*.¹ The facts as a whole do not, however, at present support this idea, nor does it recommend itself to most of us as inherently probable. Nevertheless, the phenomena of contact actions are of the greatest possible interest and importance. Various explanations have been put forward, but it cannot be said that we have a satisfactory theory of the subject. But the fact remains, and it is one of the most interesting in all chemistry, that certain substances, and among them water and the ferments, can by their mere presence, as it were, increase the velocity of chemical change in certain cases to such an extent that processes which usually proceed so slowly that they seem to us not to occur at all may, in the presence of a mere trace of a catalyst, proceed with explosive rapidity. The mystery of radium is hardly more mysterious than these contact actions. Unfortunately the subject is, experimentally, a very difficult one, months or even years being consumed sometimes in the necessary preparations for a single simple experiment, and the issues have been confused too often by impatient investigators working upon impure materials in a field where purity is everything.

¹ Or at any rate in the absence of a catalyst.

W. A. SHENSTONE.

‘WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.’

SOME years ago an American writer, Mr. ‘George Washington Æsop,’ published a selection of topsy-turvy fables. One of these seems so *à propos* of my subject that I will venture to reproduce it. I am obliged to trust to my memory, and hope I shall be pardoned for both my audacity and inefficiency.

A worthy missionary, journeying in the southern seas, suffered shipwreck, and was cast ashore upon a certain island inhabited by savage tribes. He was led before the king, with whom he was fain to reason on the impropriety of cannibalism and idolatry. ‘You might,’ said he, ‘hew down this tree under which we are sitting, and proceed, with one portion of the trunk, to fashion a club wherewith to slay me; with another you might manufacture a spit on which to roast me; with a third you might kindle the necessary fire; and of the remaining section you might carve an idol, to which you would render thanks for your meal. But would that divinity——?’ ‘All that you say,’ interrupted the king of the savages, ‘is most instructive. I never thought of it before.’ And seizing a hatchet, he proceeded to carry out the programme.

Moral.—Where ignorance is bliss, ‘tis folly to make wise.

I am for the moment in the position of the guileless missionary, and the little boys and girls of England occupy—quite temporarily and purely metaphorically—the place of the king of the savages. For I have on my table a charming book, ‘*Le petit Manuel de politesse et de savoir-vivre à l’usage de la jeunesse*,’ to which I should like to introduce my small compatriots. But I fear that, while giving them much valuable instruction on deportment and genteel behaviour, I might at the same time suggest to them naughtinesses and incivilities which I am quite sure they would otherwise have never thought of, and as the mournful result the missionary might be eaten! It is therefore to papa and mamma rather than to Miss Mary and Master Tom that I dedicate these few pages. And if papa and mamma choose to read them out to the children, on their heads be all the evil consequences!

I do not think that ‘*Le petit Manuel*’ of Monsieur Quérolle is quite original. I fancy that it is a selection from some more ancient work that was written in the dim dawn of gentility, when the fork was beginning to exercise its benign and humanising influence. For I indistinctly recollect having read in the days of

my childhood an old 'Manual of Politeness' which may have been an ancestor of Monsieur Quérolle's little work; and I remember that the reader was instructed 'not to gnaw his bones too clean.' 'Le petit Manuel' is on a somewhat higher plane, but there is a distinct family resemblance between it and the more ancient one.

I must say, in the interests of my little French friends, that 'Le petit Manuel' seems unnecessary. Miss Lulu and Master Guguste are certainly spoiled—I have the printed authority of a French writer for making this assertion, besides the testimony of my own English eyes. French children are abominably grown-up; they are born grown-up. There is no nursery life, no reservation of the bonbons of existence. But the little French people are at least as courteous as their cousins across the Channel, and, generally speaking, much more tidy and neat. Guguste, the son of Monsieur the Baron, in his smart 'Lycée' uniform; and Guguste, the 'gosse' of the coachman of Monsieur the Baron, in his serviceable black blouse and his artistically tumbled tam-o'-shanter, are both spick-and-span, genial, and deferential personages. And their sisters—one in a pig-tail and a black frock, the other in a pig-tail and a blue or red check print pinafore—are as charming to gossip with as they are pleasant to behold. I believe that 'Le petit Manuel' might be lost or buried, and no one would be the worse for it, except those unpleasant persons like myself who laugh when they ought to be impressed, and grin when they should be solemn.

'Le petit Manuel' commences naturally with a definition and a classification, of which the latter runs:

We distinguish two sorts of politeness: that of the soul, which has its source in the Christian and moral virtues; and false politeness, based on self-esteem, vanity, and interested motives.

I presume to suggest a third kind: that, namely, which good little boys and girls acquire from observing the correct deportment of papa and the elegant manners of mamma. The best combination is that of numbers one and three, which happens to be my own; but number two is better than nothing. There are indeed people who hold that there is no difference between the real article and the imitation, between the butter and the margarine of civility. This assertion is at once so palpably absurd and so difficult to disprove that I must abandon the field to Monsieur Quérolle.

Let us see how the exemplary child is to apply his politeness to his morning toilet.

When you rise, be careful to wash your face, your eyes, your mouth, and your hands. Comb your hair, cut your nails, and rub your ears.

Having thus made clean portions of the outside of the cup and platter—it will be seen that no provision is made for the nose and the neck, and that the ears are treated rather shabbily—the child is prettily told to

Wish papa and mamma good-morning, and inquire after their health.

These preliminaries happily accomplished, the genteel infant plunges into a day of almost reckless politeness. The course is carefully staked out by good Monsieur Quérolle with such a generous profusion of pegs that if the small searcher after correct behaviour goes astray it must be from the drawings of original sin. In fact, that is just where the danger alluded to above comes in: the temptation to jump the ropes and join the ungenteel crowd may prove too strong for the juvenile runner. The victim of a lamentable throw-back, he may revert to the *inconvenances* of his forebears, who had no manual, 'petit' or 'grand,' to guide them.

Monsieur Quérolle gives twenty-seven rules for the behaviour of children at meals, under the heading, 'Comment il faut se conduire à table, pendant les repas.' As most of these precepts have subdivisions, I calculate at a round hundred the regulations which concern decent feeding. By accident or design, the author makes no reference to the *petit déjeuner*: I presume therefore that, where mere coffee and rolls are, there is no law. I do not propose to transcribe these rules for eating *comme il faut* in their entirety, though they are indeed all worth it. We commence with the unobtrusive grace.

Before beginning to eat repeat the 'Bénédictité,' and when you have finished your meal say the 'Graces'; but fulfil this duty in a low voice, so as not to disturb the rest of the company or draw their attention to you.

This is quite right; for if papa, in the middle of a good story, should be interrupted by a loud thanksgiving, he would probably say the reverse of a *bénédictité*.

The genteel position is now indicated, with a mysterious supplementary instruction:

Do not sit too near to or too far from the table. Sit straight on your chair, with your wrists—not your elbows—on the board. *Do not gesticulate as you eat.*

The following is a kind of Blind Girl's Guide :

The knife, the fork, and the spoon are found on the right hand, at the side of the plate; the bread on the left; the glass in front, and *almost* opposite the right hand.

Follows a string of instructions which may be given without much comment :

It is not necessary to hold your knife in your hand through the whole meal.

Salt is taken with the point of the knife, which you should be careful to clean by passing it through your bread.

When you are offered meat, vegetables, cream, *or any other liquid*, present your plate with your left hand, take what you want with your right, and bow your thanks.

Arrange, on the *edge* of your plate, bones, the scales of fish, and anything else that you do not generally eat or for which you have a distaste.

But fruit-parings, fruit-stones, and the shells of nuts and eggs, if not eaten, are to be placed in the *centre* of the plate. Monsieur Quérolle has an eye for artistic effect.

Do not lap your soup or drink it out of the plate; use your spoon. If your soup is too hot, do not dream of blowing on it to cool it; stir it sweetly. And it is as ungentle to blow upon other dishes as upon soup.

Never pour soup or gravy from soup-plates or meat-plates respectively into your spoon, so as to get the last drop. It is equally inconsistent with elegant behaviour to mop your plate with bread. Abandon all that the spoon cannot get at.

Do not bite your bread or cut it on the cloth; break off a morsel at a time, nicely proportioned to your needs.

Do not eat too fast or too slowly. Do not let the company hear the movements of your lips and jaws. Do not take with your spoon or fork more than you can eat at one effort.

It is very unseemly to examine with close attention the contents of your neighbour's plate; to demand one portion rather than another, unless indeed you are invited to state your preference; and to smell what is offered you.

Nothing is more ungentle than to make bullets of bread and hurl them at your little friends or others of the company; and to lick your knife, your spoon, or your fingers.

It seems to be inferred that forks and tumblers may be licked, perhaps lips also.

If you find, among what you have on your plate, a hair, an insect, or some other repugnant object, spare others the nausea that you may feel. Withdraw the object cautiously, and arrange it on the edge of your plate.

A better arrangement would be to hand it to the footman. But perhaps the artistic effect comes in again.

If it happens that you have put into your mouth something that makes you feel unwell, cover your face with your table-napkin, and get rid of the offending morsel with great precaution.

If the child can avoid it, he will do well not to dine at a house where he finds so many curious things in his food. Or he might prefer a request for fewer luxuries.

I think it best to leave a portion of the next regulation in the original French. It is an ostrich-like proceeding, adopted on both sides of the Channel, that of veiling slightly repugnant ideas under the cloak of a language that is 'not easily understood' by those who would rather not understand.

N'écoutez pas vos dents avec votre couteau ou votre fourchette. Do not give too generous a view of the interior of your mouth; and be especially attentive not to speak with your mouth full. Do not crack bones and knock them on your plate to extract the marrow.

It is highly ungenteele to give your advice upon the dishes which are put upon the table. If you are asked to do so, let your answers always be as complimentary as possible.

Do not always give the company to know what food pleases you most and what you particularly dislike. For example, do not say: 'I never eat beef'; 'I loathe the smell of ham'; 'Haricot beans make me feel unwell': and so on.

Before drinking, wipe your lips and your fingers with your table-napkin. Do not study too closely what you are going to drink; take it all off at one victorious effort, not in little gulps.

A politely dissimulated but fairly close inspection of the contents of the tumbler is, all the same, to be recommended. If you discover no particularly repugnant objects in your wine, down with it!

When you drink, do not roll your eyes from side to side; when you have finished, refrain from heaving an enormous sigh of satisfaction.

If anyone drinks your health, bow your acknowledgments modestly.

By no means imitate those ungenteele gourmands who pocket fruits, bonbons, and other little delicacies, and carry them from the table.

Let us leave the table at which these ungentlemanly gourmands are behaving so atrociously. Surely the rule of the Sixpenny Strawberry Gardens ought to be the rule at all meals *à l'aimable*? You eat as much as you can hold, but you take nothing away with you.

I pass over the hints that Monsieur Quérolle gives to the *jeunesse* of France for their demeanour in school and in the playground, merely observing that if the masters are all that they are stated to be, and the children all that they are recommended to be, I shall not be at all surprised to find that Monsieur the *Instituteur* conceals a halo under his dilapidated straw hat, and that wings are sprouting on the shoulders of his exemplary scholars. Let us go on and study

What it is necessary to do or to avoid doing when one is in company, either at home or abroad.

There are thirty-one rules under this head, equivalent, with bye-laws and minor regulations, to about one hundred and fifty. Here are some of the most important.

When you are seated, do not stretch yourself or cross your legs, or swing your body to and fro; but sit upright with your feet on the ground. A girl holds on her knees any parcel she is carrying, or places one hand on the other. A boy, during visits, should keep his hat on his knees, carefully concealing the interior.

The interior of his hat, that is, not of his knees. The next regulation might be headed 'Concerning Ceremonies, why some be abolished and some retained.'

Wherever you chance to be, and whatever the occasion, avoid most scrupulously rendering yourself ridiculous by a needless multiplication of ceremonials.

Do not make yourself a nuisance to the ladies and gentlemen present by running or otherwise circulating about them, going very near them, staring at them, leaning on their chairs, breathing on them, or passing lighted candles in front of them.

Be prompt to remove out of smelling range of those in whose company you find yourself anything that has a disagreeable odour, and never volunteer to smell such an object yourself.

It is highly ungenteel to withdraw the chair of a person who is about to seat himself, or to snatch away his pocket-handkerchief while he is blowing his nose.

It is against the rules of gentility to touch one's hair in company and to curl it or otherwise arrange it, and it is rude to scratch oneself.

Of Sniffing, Sneezing, and Ornamental Nose-blowing.

Blow your nose as often as necessary, but do it with infinite precaution and regard for the feelings of your neighbours, for it is ridiculous to imitate the trumpet in performing this operation. It is not genteel to sniff. You should avoid sneezing with violence, which is a common fault of the absolutely uneducated. If anyone sneezes in your presence, do not say 'God bless you,' or anything similar. It is sufficient to make a slight reverence, regarding the sneezer modestly.

I am extremely glad to be able to adduce a passage in support of this last important regulation, and to indicate to my elegant English friends how to conduct themselves genteelly in France in the presence of a sneeze. This is a passage from Monsieur Charles Rozan's '*Petites Ignorances de la Conversation*':

Those who give the tone to our elegant society appear to have resolved to proscribe these expressions, which have been appropriated by the vulgar, as '*Dieu vous bénisse !*' '*A vos souhaits !*' '*Tout ce que votre cœur désire !*' and so on. But, not to introduce confusion into popular ideas by suppressing too brusquely an ancient custom, they have decided, as a transitional measure, to return to the *reverence* of antiquity. It is then not an expression of interest that is demanded of us, but a mark of respect. We no longer take off our hats, as the soldiers of Cyrus doffed their helmets, but we bow deferentially after the fashion set by the Emperor Tiberius.

It is in much the same way that the simple and heartfelt 'Granted, I am sure,' following an apology, has been abandoned to the use of the ungenteel English. The polished Briton of the upper classes acknowledges the attention with a stony stare or an agonised grin, according to circumstances. It is not graceful, but it is effective. And if anyone sneezes we make no 'reverence,' but inquire if the sufferer wears flannel next to his skin.

What an example *Guguste* and *Lulu* set us! If I sneeze, they look modestly at me and bow; and if I sneeze sixteen times—I am quite ungenteel both in the quantity and quality of my sneezing—they look at me modestly sixteen times and make sixteen pretty reverences!

But this is a long digression. Let us return to our 'Petit *Manuel*.'

Be very careful not to yawn, to whistle, or to hum an air through your teeth.

Never laugh in violent explosions, battering the ground with your feet, and twisting your body.

Do not wrinkle up your forehead or stare at an object with a distracted air. In a word, do not give to your face an expression that is ridiculous or opposed to that which animates you at the moment.

There is a decidedly 'Alice-in-Wonderland' flavour about the last clause.

Do not imitate the lack of gentility of certain gentlemen, who stand with their backs to the fire with their coat-tails tucked up. Not only do they fail in the respect which they owe to the company, but they deprive others of the warmth of the fire, which is kindled for the benefit of all.

Politeness does not allow you to take off your shoes in order to warm your feet, especially if there are in the company persons to whom respect is due.

Of the hints on the proprieties of conversation I need only quote one:

Be careful not to join any one of the titles *Monsieur*, *Madame*, &c., to a word which has an uncomplimentary signification. It would be very rude to say, for example: 'I have been eating cheese and calf's head, *Monsieur*.' 'My father had a fine mule, *Madam*.' 'He was riding on a donkey, my lord.' You should say rather, 'I have been eating cheese, *Monsieur*, and calf's head.' 'My father, *Madame*, had a fine mule.' 'My lord, he was riding on a donkey.' The change of the order of words will eliminate the innuendo.

Did I not say that *Monsieur Quérolle* had pegged out the course very carefully? He is somewhat of an ass, gentle reader—I beg a thousand pardons—Gentle reader, he is somewhat of an ass. That is better.

And so I leave the matter, as I said to begin with, in the

hands of papa and mamma, begging them once more to remember the fate of the too-communicative missionary. If papa decides to instruct Tom and Mary on Monsieur Quérolle's lines, I will tell him the correct appearance and position to adopt, as I have gathered them from the illustration which graces the outside of the book.

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CHARLES OLIVER.

There are thirty-one rules under this head, equivalent, with bye-laws and minor regulations, to about one hundred and fifty. Here are some of the most important.

When you are seated, do not stretch yourself or cross your legs, or swing your body to and fro; but sit upright with your feet on the ground. A girl holds on her knees any parcel she is carrying, or places one hand on the other. A boy, during visits, should keep his hat on his knees, carefully concealing the interior.

The interior of his hat, that is, not of his knees. The next regulation might be headed 'Concerning Ceremonies, why some be abolished and some retained.'

Wherever you chance to be, and whatever the occasion, avoid most scrupulously rendering yourself ridiculous by a needless multiplication of ceremonials.

Do not make yourself a nuisance to the ladies and gentlemen present by running or otherwise circulating about them, going very near them, staring at them, leaning on their chairs, breathing on them, or passing lighted candles in front of them.

Be prompt to remove out of smelling range of those in whose company you find yourself anything that has a disagreeable odour, and never volunteer to smell such an object yourself.

It is highly ungenteel to withdraw the chair of a person who is about to seat himself, or to snatch away his pocket-handkerchief while he is blowing his nose.

It is against the rules of gentility to touch one's hair in company and to curl it or otherwise arrange it, and it is rude to scratch oneself.

Of Sniffing, Sneezing, and Ornamental Nose-blowing.

Blow your nose as often as necessary, but do it with infinite precaution and regard for the feelings of your neighbours, for it is ridiculous to imitate the trumpet in performing this operation. It is not genteel to sniff. You should avoid sneezing with violence, which is a common fault of the absolutely uneducated. If anyone sneezes in your presence, do not say 'God bless you,' or anything similar. It is sufficient to make a slight reverence, regarding the sneezer modestly.

I am extremely glad to be able to adduce a passage in support of this last important regulation, and to indicate to my elegant English friends how to conduct themselves genteelly in France in the presence of a sneeze. This is a passage from Monsieur Charles Rozan's '*Petites Ignorances de la Conversation*':

Those who give the tone to our elegant society appear to have resolved to proscribe these expressions, which have been appropriated by the vulgar, as 'Dieu vous bénisse!' 'A vos souhaits!' 'Tout ce que votre cœur désire!' and so on. But, not to introduce confusion into popular ideas by suppressing too brusquely an ancient custom, they have decided, as a transitional measure, to return to the reverence of antiquity. It is then not an expression of interest that is demanded of us, but a mark of respect. We no longer take off our hats, as the soldiers of Cyrus doffed their helmets, but we bow deferentially after the fashion set by the Emperor Tiberius.

It is in much the same way that the simple and heartfelt 'Granted, I am sure,' following an apology, has been abandoned to the use of the ungentle English. The polished Briton of the upper classes acknowledges the attention with a stony stare or an agonised grin, according to circumstances. It is not graceful, but it is effective. And if anyone sneezes we make no 'reverence,' but inquire if the sufferer wears flannel next to his skin.

What an example *Guguste* and *Lulu* set us! If I sneeze, they look modestly at me and bow; and if I sneeze sixteen times—I am quite ungentle both in the quantity and quality of my sneezing—they look at me modestly sixteen times and make sixteen pretty reverences!

But this is a long digression. Let us return to our '*Petit Manuel*.'

Be very careful not to yawn, to whistle, or to hum an air through your teeth.

Never laugh in violent explosions, battering the ground with your feet, and twisting your body.

Do not wrinkle up your forehead or stare at an object with a distracted air. In a word, do not give to your face an expression that is ridiculous or opposed to that which animates you at the moment.

There is a decidedly '*Alice-in-Wonderland*' flavour about the last clause.

Do not imitate the lack of gentility of certain gentlemen, who stand with their backs to the fire with their coat-tails tucked up. Not only do they fail in the respect which they owe to the company, but they deprive others of the warmth of the fire, which is kindled for the benefit of all.

Politeness does not allow you to take off your shoes in order to warm your feet, especially if there are in the company persons to whom respect is due.

Of the hints on the proprieties of conversation I need only quote one:

Be careful not to join any one of the titles *Monsieur*, *Madame*, &c., to a word which has an uncomplimentary signification. It would be very rude to say, for example: 'I have been eating cheese and calf's head, *Monsieur*.' 'My father had a fine mule, *Madam*.' 'He was riding on a donkey, my lord.' You should say rather, 'I have been eating cheese, *Monsieur*, and calf's head.' 'My father, *Madame*, had a fine mule.' 'My lord, he was riding on a donkey.' The change of the order of words will eliminate the innuendo.

Did I not say that *Monsieur Quérolle* had pegged out the course very carefully? He is somewhat of an ass, gentle reader—I beg a thousand pardons—Gentle reader, he is somewhat of an ass. That is better.

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hands of papa and mamma, begging them once more to remember the fate of the too-communicative missionary. If papa decides to instruct Tom and Mary on Monsieur Quérolle's lines, I will tell him the correct appearance and position to adopt, as I have gathered them from the illustration which graces the outside of the book.

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CHARLES OLIVER.

THE AMERICAN CHLOE.¹

'Cette femme peut ne pas être aimée. Elle n'a pas besoin d'être aimée.'

MR. HENRY JAMES'S Daisy Miller took the world in her own way—quite in her own way—first at Vevey and then in Rome, with the civilisation of the Old World for a contrasting background. Daisy Miller as I knew her had for her setting one of those summer hotels which, in their distinctive features, seem to be limited to the other side of the Atlantic.

The young lady is queen of the place. Mademoiselle, and the wants of Mademoiselle, and the likes and dislikes of Mademoiselle, stand first.

It was the Empire of Youth at the 'Haymakers' House.' Of unadulterated pleasure and irresponsibility. The young lady was bent on having a good time; but it was all to be play. There was no *arrière-pensée* in her gaiety; that underlying thought of an establishment which is the foundation of so much pleasing and being pleased in older civilisations was conspicuous by its absence.

They mostly do marry ultimately. How they look when that is to be the end I often wondered, but had no opportunity of judging.

Matrimony is not the first aim of the American girl. Spinsterhood has so many compensations that, looked at as a matter of expediency, a husband is not a necessity. The 'plain gold ring' brings her no more freedom than she has hitherto enjoyed; it sometimes ties her with responsibilities, while it, in a way, puts her aside, since the pursuit of the young married woman has not become the fashion in trans-Atlantic circles of which I am writing.

If matrimony has not too many material advantages for the ladies of the 'land of emancipation,' neither does anything within their own natures drive them towards it. The American girl does not regard it, like the *jeune fille* in France, as the hall-mark of her success as a woman. She does not admit that all else is but second best, as the majority of English do; she does not go placidly but persistently towards it as her one hope of importance as *Fräulein* does. She certainly does not sentimentalise about it. It was not of her that Byron wrote 'love is woman's whole existence.' She looks on that as a thing which may come or may not, which perhaps, on

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the whole, she would rather be without, since it might impair that quality on which she prides herself greatly—her clearness and independence of judgment. You hear no whisper of that complaint which goes up more often than one perhaps realises on this side of the Atlantic, and which maintains that feminine nature has not fulfilled itself unless it experiences wifehood and motherhood. It even happens from time to time that a woman is at no pains to hide the conviction that she, as a woman, has condescended when she conveys on a man the favour of marrying him. The habit one frequently hears of a woman's addressing her husband to his face as Mr. So-and-So seems to epitomise this. Should he speak of the contract of matrimony as though it were the latest deal in rails or timber, Madame does not reprove him, which she certainly would do had the expression displeased her.

The American can love sometimes. But a glowing passion as distinguished from a calm preference is not recognised as the necessary basis—in theory, *bien entendu*—of the matrimonial union, as it is with us.

I recollect one instance, when a woman had regarded riches and place well lost for love, that her friend, in telling me of it, concluded: 'But then Caroline always was so impractical.'

The 'summer girl'—for there is a term ready coined by which to describe her—oftentimes so beautiful, nearly always dainty in her muslin gowns and her sun-bonnets, frequently fades fast. Her empire commences when her European sister has still many years of the schoolroom before her. She is sometimes *dans le train* at fourteen. The heyday of her attractiveness is from sixteen to twenty. To our eyes, especially when she comes from the South, she is old before she is young. Her toilet assists that impression. The girlish in dress, the girlish in manner, appears to be unknown, save in the few cases where she has been brought up with what are termed 'European ideas'; and then, like all converts, her guardians are apt to overdo it. The girl is so shielded, so sheltered, so chaperoned and surrounded with 'refinement,' that she is driven in upon herself, and, since her race individuality must work on something, she becomes self-analytical to an extent which is unparalleled.

But not the most seriously minded of these girls likes to be unattended. She is by no means the *farouche* maiden who scorns men. Tennyson's Princess would find no disciples in her ranks. If she is a 'bright girl,' is there not a 'bright boy' to match her?—

and the two gravitate together. To do the 'bright boy' justice, he does not distrust brains in a woman; indeed, is rather proud of being associated with them. But then attention is not called to feminine ability by untidy heads, unbecoming gowns, and ill-shaped shoes, as it is supposed to be with us.

Ticket the summer girl with what label you will, a young man is a necessary part of her programme. She would 'feel badly'—or rather her pride would—had she no special friend. Someone who will walk with her, golf with her, dance with her, bring her 'candy,' refresh her with ice-cream sodas at that drug store which seems to sell most things in preference to medicines.

The liberty Mademoiselle enjoys with her 'boy,' who treats her entirely *en bon camarade*, is astonishing.

Perhaps they begin the day by breakfasting together after their elders leave the table. He plays tennis with her in the morning, bathes with her in the noonday heat, in the afternoon drives her in a buggy, waltzes almost exclusively with her in the evening, takes her to sit out among the trees—and there they remain. Long after the band has ceased to play it is possible that still she will be rocking amid the whispering leaves, with the rush of the river coming up from the ravine below, with the stars sparkling in the purple darkness above her head.

And he will be by her side. By her side, mind, merely that. To neither of them will it be anything but an episode of those July days. They will part when the time comes with no more regret than he will feel at saying adieu to the 'boys' with whom he will play poker when finally she has gone to bed. To her the evening, and he himself, will be but one among many similar experiences. In current English slang, 'There is nothing at all in it.'

I recollect one of those glorious evenings, when the cool stillness was particularly grateful after a day during which the thermometer had indulged in aspirations towards three figures, that I was sitting on the verandah opening out of my room in company with an American friend.

We had just decided that it was 'too lovely' to retire, though most of the windows were darkened and not a soul was in sight, when two women and a man, middle-aged all, came out of the hotel to return to their little wooden summer cottage in a species of hooded wagonette which was awaiting them.

The mother of the party hesitated.

'Say,' she demanded, 'where is Sadie?'

No one seemed to know where Sadie was, and no one seemed at all disconcerted by her absence. As the young lady was evidently not there, they sat down to await her.

The clocks in the village tolled the hour with twelve long strokes. Paterfamilias pulled his waistcoat lower over his ample person, lighted a cigar, and expectorated with philosophy. Momma and Auntie filled up the time with an animated discussion on the merits of various brands of 'canned peaches.'

At length two figures emerged from the shadow of the trees, sauntered up the side walk, and Sadie and her boy presented themselves.

'Well,' she began, by way of greeting; and then, when she had leisure to think of the possibility, 'Say! Have we kept you waiting?'

Auntie ceased to advocate 'Lemon Clings,' and began to make shrill inquiries of the young man relative to the progress of Christian Science in his 'city.'

She fell upon him with such swiftness that she must have been awaiting her opportunity for days.

Presently Momma scrambled into the wagonette, and somewhat tartly intimated to her middle-aged sister that she was ready. Auntie 'hustled up'; Poppa deposited his large bulk slowly on to a seat which creaked beneath the process—but Sadie? Sadie, after all that waiting for her, elected that she would walk home, and that her boy should escort her.

Off they started, up those plank side walks, with the scent of a hundred roses, and countless starry jasmine flowers rising to greet them with each step of their way, they perhaps the only wayfarers through that silent, peerless night.

I have since been told that the only surprising thing about the episode was the presence of the elders, and that it would have been quite *comme il faut* had Sadie sauntered down with a girl companion.

I turned in surprise.

'Is that usual?' I asked of my friend.

'I don't know,' she confessed; 'I never did it myself. You see Mamma had European ideas about my bringing-up. That girl is from Cleveland, and he is just out of college, but his home is in Vermont, and I don't know either of their cities. Besides, they are quite common people, I should think.'

The next morning I was sufficiently curious to watch the parting, for I knew that he was leaving. Sadie hardly hurried up from the

bathing stage, whither she had been accompanied by a new candidate for the position of 'her boy.' There was a handshake as the former one stood by his 'valise' on the side walk; there was no word of future meetings; they both of them remarked, for the benefit of the world at large, that they had had a good time. That was all they asked. The light words concealed nothing deeper. There had been no tender *adieu à deux* under the stars the previous evening.

Sadie nodded cheerfully as he entered the hotel omnibus; he waved quite as much to the group of boys as to her. The horses had hardly started on their leisurely trot before she turned and took her towels from the friend of the morning. She sat down on the wooden steps of the verandah, intimated that her new boy might hold her hairpins while she rolled the long fair locks, that had hitherto flowed over her shoulders to dry, into a knot. Then she expressed her willingness to seal the new conditions by responding to his suggestion that she should lunch with him in the hotel.

'Suppose you ask Doris (pronounced as though the *o* were doubled), and if Billy (pronounced *Burly*) comes too that will fix it,' she added.

Sometimes Mademoiselle plays tennis, and then she makes a business of it, travelling hither and thither, from Cincinnati to Toronto, from New York to Chicago, appearing at tournament fixtures with a persistency which would receive the ugly name of 'pot-hunting' with us. But no one holds it up against her. 'Whatever your hand findeth to do, do that with all your might and on every occasion,' is a version of the Biblical precept universally in favour.

How hard she works, with what an expenditure of energy does she gain these trophies! Shields, or cups, or sugar basins, hardly ever feminine gew-gaws.

'Would not a watch or bracelet be more suitable?' I asked the secretary, as he showed me a display of prizes, among which I could distinguish those for the ladies only by their tickets.

'The girls like cups best,' came the answer; 'they keep them in their rooms and show them to other girls,' and I saw that I ought to have understood that these were certificates of proficiency, not adornments.

It is part of the same earnestness which makes her practise over the net so many hours a day as regularly as a virtuoso runs

scales up and down his pianoforte. She plays in the heat, with that scorching sun upon her. Her endurance is marvellous. Talk about the English girl's staying power, it cannot outrival the American tennis girl's. She plays a game which is harder than the average man's. There is not a technicality she does not understand. She smashes her service in a way that makes one smile when one recollects the gentle, slow balls it used to be considered chivalrous for Adonis to drop before the weaker sex. She bewails her lack of judgment as though it were a serious moral dereliction if she takes a ball that her critics decide would otherwise have gone out. She plays in a costume appropriate to her view of the game. She is either hatless—under that sun—or if her own is not handy she borrows any hat gear from an acquaintance, masculine or feminine, which will crush down over her brow. Should her blouse be decorated with a collar, she takes it off on the court before she commences to play; if the said garment has not short sleeves to begin with, she rolls them up to make them so. She wears laced, spiked shoes, and she lifts her foot to have the mud scraped from the spaces left on the sole as much as a matter of course as she drinks iced water between the games. Her petticoats, too, are somewhat shorter than a kilt, and as she plays with much energy and a nonchalance with regard to appearances, one wonders if she would not have been rather better for a divided skirt.

But through everything, whether it be victory or defeat, at the beginning of the day or at the end, she is smiling, good-tempered, remarkably fair. She can even see good points in the girls from other clubs; the gibe about the feminine inclination to cheapen will not hold good with her. She has a sportsman's admiration for stamina, coupled with some of his optimism with regard to luck.

'Well, maybe it will be my turn when I meet you next week at the Springs,' was the answer of the vanquished after a hard-fought set of singles, as the two shook hands in the proper masculine fashion.

Mademoiselle golfs just as energetically. All day long, if the whim takes her that way, she toils round the links, driving almost as hard as her 'boy,' principally anxious to get round more holes than yesterday, jubilant if she beats her record on the eighteen.

If the heat inconveniences her, again it is the collar that is sacrificed, and, if she is careful about appearances, this time she may go so far as to turn in the attachment band of her 'shirt-waist' until it forms a 'V' at her throat.

But always she rolls up her sleeves, regardless of the fact that the sun is blistering her arms or turning them chestnut brown. To play games with one's cuffs about one's wrists appears to be about as much out of place in her eyes as to go for a walk unaccompanied by his terrier did to that collier, who intimated to his 'pal,' the day after the demise of his tyke, that on that afternoon he must stay in the house, because 'a man looked such a bonny fool walking on a Sunday without a dog.'

Sometimes the lady rows, sometimes the lady fishes, and then she will go out in the early hours of the morning, while the rest of the hotel sleeps, and her boy will be awaiting her at the landing stage. Together they will betake themselves to the fishing-grounds, where the lake begins to widen out into its mighty sheet of water, and there they will remain until one or the other is minded to return.

The summer hotel is the Paradise of the unconventional. 'In summer we only think of amusing ourselves,' you are told. Each one does as he pleases. And so they do, even to the iron-bound matter of costume. It may occur to mademoiselle to show her shoulders and to deck her hair with a ribbon or a rose; but she will not think anything of dancing one waltz with a partner in tennis flannels, the next two-step with another in evening dress, while the third may have retained the red jacket which distinguishes the golfer. The whole community goes gloveless. 'We wear them in the winter or when the garrison is at the Fort,' they explain carefully, that you should not think them behindhand with their civilisation.

To dance unusually well is a great feat in a land where all dance, and where the youth who is superior to the amusement is practically unknown. They dance at all seasons, on the smallest provocation. Bald-headed men, stout men, the mother of many children, the children themselves.

But oh! the ubiquity of the American child. From dawn until long past eve you hear its shrill clamour. When we landed, the announcement in the first hotel I stopped in, 'Children are forbidden to make playrooms of the corridors,' afforded me much amusement; but I soon thought gratefully of that management. There was no notion of rendering children unobtrusive. I never heard one bidden to make less noise for fear of disturbing its elders. Instead, you heard them everywhere, you saw them everywhere.

The literature in the hands of the average girl is another amazing thing. A friend once assured me that Mademoiselle would read

one of two things—either historical novels dealing with her own country, or a book which cantered through the Decalogue.

Though that may be an extreme way of stating the case, you certainly do see them turning over the leaves of books which a Frenchwoman would call *très avancés* and which would cause the hair of Madame to turn grey if she saw them in the hands of her unmarried daughters. If the bookstall man at the 'Hay-makers' House' had been possessed of the curiosity to keep an account, I believe the result would show that the book most frequently sold to feminine readers this particular summer was Tolstoi's 'Resurrection.'

The girls discuss these books quite openly. But they do it with a curious detachment. Each incident seems to be regarded as a moral, physical, or psychological question. Now, there is nothing so dear to the heart of the American ladies as a 'question.' They worry it as a terrier worries a rat. There is no one who has not thought thereon, and if the fair philosopher does not exactly seek to parade the result of her reflection, she has no intention of allowing anyone to think her destitute of ideas, and, of course, if she has them she talks about them. Silent assimilation appears to be unknown.

'I thought you got nothing out of it. You had nothing to say about that lecture when we came out,' was an American comment to an Englishwoman, whose training had taught her to allow newly acquired knowledge to simmer silently.

Again, with regard to these books, is the American girl's absence of sentimentality visible. The suggestions of an overpowering passion cause her no heart flutterings. She reads such descriptions quite carefully, not because she likes them, but that she may estimate the weight of their evidence. They leave her quite cold. She proceeds to analyse their symptoms as a doctor diagnoses an obscure case of typhoid.

But if she does not shrink from discussing such matters with anyone who may wish to talk about them, there is all the difference in the world between her and the lady who boasts that all secrets are revealed to her. I never heard of an American who thought to shock into admiration; they have no desire to skate on thin ice, that a man may follow them over it. The *double entente* is unknown in their conversation. Vice interests this girl greatly, because she can propound such a variety of theories about it; but I never met one whom it fascinated.

The fast woman is conspicuous by her absence. There was only one that I can recollect who could possibly be included in that catalogue, and then she seemed to be less a spider to unwary flies than a fly herself in the hands of three or four overfed men, bloated of body, mixed of nationality, brutal of type, who represented the coarse, sensual, lucre-worshipping—as distinct from the legitimate money-making element—which undoubtedly exists in the American cities.

The young men and boys, the foolish flies one might have looked to buzz around, passed her by. Summer girls, summer play, nothing so serious as that woman's painted face and large staring eyes for them.

The intellectuality, too, of the American girl, while it is tempered by numberless shades, retains its national characteristics. It is, above all things, a part of her, not an assumed garment. Culture, since she has more time to devote to it, is the idol of the American girl even more than of the American man. He seems to regard the fruits of it as his, the actual possession of it as hers. She certainly acts up to this idea. She is for ever trying to cram more and more assimilation into her twenty-four hours. The philosopher's declaration that a day in which he had acquired no new notion was a day lost is entirely her view.

'When I get through with a holiday I feel real used up,' such a woman once explained to me. 'If I came home and heard of a place of interest that I had neglected to visit, I should feel so badly that I always go round until I'm just sick.'

The intellectual girl may be divided into two branches. The first makes culture an absolutely concrete matter. She glories in figures, thrives on statistics, a technical handbook is her delight. She sifts every scrap of evidence offered to her, and when she quotes an authority she mentions not only the chapter but the page. She inclines rather to problems than to questions. She belongs to a Browning Society, to a Profitable Reading Society, to a debating club. A dogmatic difficulty, if only one presented itself to her, would be but the excuse for calling on the 'prominent light' of the creed; but she has, as she herself terms it, 'gotten through with that.' She talks confidently of the categorical imperative, and maintains that conduct is the test of religion. One would imagine the last thing she would tolerate would be a superstitious tendency, and yet she has been seen at spiritualistic 'séances.'

The other intellectual girl is the most illusive, almost the only

illusive type, in America. She has been educated to the utmost, but with object lessons rather than by direct precept. She must of necessity come of rich parents, since the surrounding of her with nothing but what is beautiful and refined, from which she is perpetually encouraged to read their lessons for herself, is the first principle of her up-bringing.

In pursuance of this idea, her taste has been cultivated among the Old Masters in Italy, her wit in the 'salons' of Paris, her breeding in the 'best houses' in England. I once met her 'feeding her mind' on the beauties of Switzerland, in company with a Dresden china teacup, 'because the thick hotel ware hurt her, it was so inappropriate.'

It has been so impressed upon her that she must not fall below her surroundings that she cannot enjoy anything with pure enjoyment. *Laisser faire* is a verb that has been banished from her dictionary. She might have been brought up exclusively on the Parable of the Talents, so anxious does she appear to avoid the condemnation of him that had but one. *Elle s'écoute trop*. Not as we usually employ the term, making it synonymous with selfishness, but in an examining way. She is undoubtedly more than a little morbid. She asks herself too many times a day if this or that is good for her character. She wonders whether she is making the most of her time; she is for ever uncertain whether she rises proportionately to her opportunities; she reproaches herself that her performance falls so far below her intentions. She has the uplifting of her standard so much in view that she robs herself of spontaneity.

She regards society as distinctly hollow, and mixes little with it. She ponders much over the world and the trouble therein. She has been through numberless dogmatic difficulties, she has studied most problems, has turned to several philosophies, has given a trial to most of those creeds which an irreverent Tommy Atkins once lumped together as 'fancy religions,' and now, before her twenties are out, she most likely sleeps with 'Omar Khayyam' under her pillow.

In appearance she is everything that the accepted idea of an American is not. Her voice is low, gentle; her words, which do not come too readily, are admirably chosen, and convey to a shade the thing which she wishes to say. The national positiveness is tempered by a gesture of appeal, by the preface, 'As far as I have been able to learn.' She is polished to a degree, courteous to a

fine shade. She has a sweet, gentle, melancholy face, a manner that is charming.

Her dress is so suggestive of herself that it is worthy of note. She affects soft drapery, clinging tissues, dainty laces, half-tones. In a land of appeal to colour she keeps to neutral tints. She is an excellent friend, a stimulating companion, and yet she leaves behind her—and I have known her three or four times over—a feeling of sadness. Perhaps if one saw her Dresden cup cracked and chipped on a cottage table, one might think of it in the same way.

She is the very opposite of that embarrassing sister who asks one questions. Whether a burning curiosity or a thirst for knowledge is at the bottom of the catechism it is equally awful. You cannot escape. The invariable beginning, 'How do you like our country?' is followed by the most leading questions.

I remember sitting once under such an inquisitor and wondering if a single reticence would be allowed me. After half an hour of this the lady rose.

'I should like to have Momma come,' she said. 'Momma is of a very inquiring mind. I don't begin to collect information where Momma comes in.'

I looked ahead. I saw, bearing down on me, a middle-aged, sharp-nosed replica of my tormentor, and I rose—and fled.

MARIAN BOWER.

*ROSE OF THE WORLD.*¹

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

ROSAMOND GERARDINE and Aspasia Cuningham lay back, silent, each in her corner of the railway carriage, while the English landscape flew by them, wet and green and autumn brown, gleaming in a fugitive yellow sunlight.

Aspasia still felt the pressure of Bethune's unconsciously hard hand-grip. His image, as he had stood bareheaded looking after the moving train, was still vivid before her eyes. His last words: 'It is not good-bye,' were ringing in her ears. His face had looked wistful, she thought; his cold glance had taken that warm good look she claimed as her own. She was glad it was not good-bye. And yet, as they steamed away, she, watching him as long as she could, saw, and could not hide it from herself, that it was upon Lady Gerardine his eyes were fixed at the last—fixed with an expression which had already become familiar to her. 'One would think he hated her—sometimes,' said shrewd Baby to herself, 'and yet, when she's there, he forgets me. I might as well be dead, or a fright.'

This puzzled her and troubled her, too, a little. She glanced across now at her aunt's abstracted countenance. 'I am sure,' she thought, in loyal admiration, 'if he were madly in love with her, it would be only natural. But it's not love—it's more like hate and a sort of pain.' With all her sageness, Baby was only eighteen.

How completely had Raymond Bethune passed from Lady Gerardine's mind—even before he had passed from her sight!

She had nearly reached the end of her journey. The burning land she had left behind her—once the land of her desire—seemed now but a place visited in long evil dreams, where she had under-

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gone unimaginable sufferings during the bondage of sleep. The humid air of England beat upon her face through the open window with a comforting assurance as of waking reality.

She had told herself she was travelling with her dead. Never for one hour of her long journey had she forgotten the meaning of that box under Jani's care. But, with every sunrise that marked a wider distance between her and India, she drew a freer breath. With every stage she felt herself less Lady Gerardine, wife; and more Mrs. English, widow. There was beginning to be an extraordinary restfulness in the sensation.

They sped through the New Forest glades, sodden after the rain, now flashing gold-brown with that shaft of sun; now black-green, cavernous, mysterious, where the pines grow close. And then came the moorland stretches, reaching up to a pale-blue cleft in the storm-weighted clouds. How cool it all was! How soft the colours! How benign the wet sky, how different from the metal glare of the land that had betrayed her!

And, by and by, white gleams of sunshine began to deepen into primroses and ambers; towards the west the sky grew ever clearer, and the leaden wrack, parting, showed an horizon like to a honey sea against the rising mists of evening. How beautiful was England!

When they got out at the little country station, in the rural heart of Dorset, the day was closing in. The vault of the heavens brooded over the earth with a cup-like closeness. November though it was, the air struck upon their cheeks as gently as a caress, all impregnated with the fragrance of wet green indefinitely touched with the tart accent of decay.

Rosamond drew a long deep breath; it had a poignant pleasure in it; tears sprang to her eyes, but, for the first time in God knew how many years, there was a sweetness in them. Jani at her elbow shivered with an aguish chatter of teeth. With one hand she clutched her shawls across her little lean figure; with the other she held on fiercely to a battered tin box.

'Oh, Aunt Rosamond,' cried Aspasia ecstatically, as they got into the vehicle awaiting them, 'it's a fly, it's a fly! Aren't you glad? Do you smell the musty straw? Oh! doesn't it bring back good old times? Don't you wish you may never sit in a state carriage again?'

It was a long drive, through winding lanes. Sometimes they strained uphill, sometimes they skirted the flat down; sometimes

the branches of the overhanging trees beat against the roof of the carriage or in at the open window. At first the whole land was wonderfully still. They could hear the moisture drip from the leaves when the horses were at the walk. And, by and by, there grew out of the distance the faint yet mighty rumour of the sea. Within such short measure, then, this small, great England was meeting her salt limits! Across the upland down, presently, even on this silent evening, there rose a wind to sing of the surf. The trees by the roadside, in the copses amid fields, on the crest, etched against the glimmer of the sky, had all that regular inland bent that tells of salt winds.

At last the rickety fly began to jingle and jolt along a road that was hardly more than a track. The way dipped down an abrupt slope and then branched off unexpectedly into a side lane. Rosamond leaned out of the window; she felt they were drawing near her unknown home.

'Are we there?' cried Aspasia, entering into a violent state of excitement as they came to a halt before a swing gate.

Rosamond did not answer. She was looking with all her eyes, with all her heart. Sudden memories awoke within her—words, never even noted to be forgotten, began to whisper in her ears: 'You never saw such a place, love. It isn't a place, it's a queer old house dumped down in a hollow of the downs. And the avenue—there isn't an avenue, it's a road through the orchard, and the orchard comes right up to the house—and you never saw such a bunch of chimney-stacks in your life. But such as it is, I love it. And some day we'll go and live there, you and I. . . .' Here, then, were the orchard trees, twisted shapes, stretching out unpruned branches to them as they passed!

'I almost plucked an apple,' cried Aspasia, from her side, with a childish scream.

The sky was rift just about the horizon—the afterglow primrose against the sullen gloom of the cloud banks. Cut into sharp silhouette against this pallid translucence, rose the black outline of the house and right across it the fantastic old-time chimney stack, at sight of which Rosamond laughed low to herself as one who recognises the face of a friend. 'You never saw such a bunch of chimney-stacks in your life! . . .'

A faint column of smoke ascended pale against the gloom where the chimneys lost themselves in the skies. As Rosamond noted it, her heart stirred; all was not dead then—the old house, his house, was alive and waiting for her!

They drew up close to the stone porch, open to the night, flush with the level of the out-jutting gables, and the driver, plunging into the black recess, sent the jangle of a bell ringing through inner spaces. In the waiting pause all was very silent, save the stealthy patter from the overgrown ivy clumps that hung across the entrance. There was a rustle, the hop of an awakened bird, quite close to Rosamond's ear, as she leaned out with the eagerness that had been growing upon her ever since her landing.

Then came steps within : the door was opened first but a little space, with the habitual precaution of the lowly caretaker, then suddenly drawn wide. A square of light that seemed golden was cut out of the darkness, and :

'You're welcome, ma'am,' cried old Mary, tremulously smoothing her apron.

Lady Gerardine passed with fixed eyes and straight steps into the hall, but she turned quickly as the words struck her ear. Aspasia, following, saw her face illumined by a smile that was almost joy. And the girl became secretly a little alarmed ; her aunt's ways had been all inexplicable to her of late.

Rosamond's heart was crying out within her, and it was with actual joy. 'Welcome, ma'am,' had said his servant—to old Mary the mistress of Saltwoods was Captain English's widow—even to herself might she not now cease to be Lady Gerardine for a brief respite ? Oh, then would the manor-house be home indeed !

A great sense of peace, accompanied by a sudden lassitude, fell upon her ; she sank into an armchair, flinging her arms wide with a gesture of relief. Opposite to her was a sturdy oaken table, upon which the housekeeper had just placed a hand-lamp. The light fell full upon a rack displaying a hunting-crop, a couple of rough walking-sticks ; above, there was the sketch of a boy's face. Her gaze wandered, without at first taking in the meaning of what it saw.

Noise resounded from the porch ; it was Jani, struggling with the coachman for the possession of the old regimental case.

Rosamond looked quickly up again at the bright living presentment on the wall ; then she rose to her feet and staggered blindly through the nearest door. There, in sheltering darkness, Aspasia promptly overtook her, and was terrified, as she clasped her warm young arms round her aunt's figure, to find it torn by sobs. 'Let me be, let me be !' exclaimed Lady Gerardine, pushing the girl from her, 'it is good to give way at last.'

And Aspasia, pressing her face in wordless attempt at consolation against her aunt's cheek, found it streaming with a very torrent of tears.

'Ah,' said old Mary, shaking her head, as Miss Cuninghame presently besought her for the feminine panacea of tea, 'poor lady, it's no wonder: he was a grand young gentleman!'

It was, indeed, evident that here Lady Gerardine could never be anything but Captain English's widow.

CHAPTER II.

THE manor-house was very old and very solid. It held nothing of any high value, perhaps, but it held nothing cheap or weak. It was complete before the days of machine-made furniture and of so-called æsthetic art, and those that had ruled over it since had been withheld by innate taste or a happy lack of means from adding to it either within or without. Thus it had remained at a standstill through an extraordinary lapse of years, and all was now beautifully, frankly old; it stood in its simplicity, perfect in antique shabbiness. Only without, the creepers flung ever new shoots about the sturdy strength of the stones. Only within, it was haunted by a memory, by a presence; and this presence was young even to boyhood. And the young ghost harmonised with the aged house, seemed to belong to it as surely as—year by year—the spirit of spring to the ancient garden.

Rosamond, whose life purpose had so long been to avoid the haunting of the past, awoke in the dawn of her first day at Salt-woods to find herself in a very habitation of memories; nay, more, to feel, in some inexplicable manner, that the dead were more alive in this house than the quick, and yet—strange mystery of the heart—that she was glad of it. She watched the dawn wax as on one memorable morning in her far-off Indian palace; not here on beetle's-wing green and eastern glow of carmine and purple, but upon brown of wainscot oak and dim rosebud of faded chintz. And, as the lights spread between the gaps of the shutters, there grew upon her from the panelled wall a strong young face with bold wide-open eyes—eyes very young, set under brows already thoughtful. A very English face, despite the olive of the cheek, the dark-

ness of the hair, close-cut, that still had a crisp wave under the cock of the Sandhurst cap.

'I felt I was not alone,' said Rosamond, half in dream, supporting herself on her elbow to look more nearly, 'and so it was you!'

But the eyes were gazing past her, out on life, full of eagerness. And the close lips were set with a noble determination. What great things this boy soldier was going to make of his future!

Rosamond let herself fall back upon her pillows, something like a sob in her throat. Then, opposite to her, between the windows, she met full the glance of the same eyes that had but now avoided hers. They were child's eyes this time, gazing, full of soft wonder, out of a serious child's face, framed by an aureole of copper curls—the wonderful tint that is destined to turn to densest black.

Rosamond stretched at ease, resting her eyes on those of the lovely child's—childless woman, who had never desired children, began to picture to herself how proud a mother would be of such a little son as this. And then her mind wandered to the mother, who, lying where she now lay, had feasted her waking heart and gratified her maternal pride, so many mornings with this vision.

Then something began to stir in her that had not yet stirred before; an inchoate desire, an ache, a jealousy; yes, a jealousy of the dead woman who had borne such a child! She turned restlessly from the sight of the two pictures, flung herself to the far side of the bed, and sent her glance and thought determinedly wandering into the recess of an alcove where night still kept the growing light at bay.

A drowsiness fell over her mind again; with vague interest she found herself speculating what might the different objects be that the darkness still enwrapt partly from her sight.

Here was a high chair of unusual shape—a *Prie-Dieu*? Here was a gothic bracket, jutting from the wall above; thereon something glimmered palely forth; a statuette perchance, or alabaster vase of special slender art? Nay, not so, for now she could distinguish the wide-stretched arms, the pendant form; it was the carven ivory of a crucifix. The late Mrs. English's shrine, her altar? Rosamond's interest quickened—she had heard of this unknown relative's goodness from the son's lips, but had never heard this goodness specified as regarded religion. His mother, then, had been High Church . . . Roman Catholic perhaps?

Rosamond was almost amused, with the detached amusement of one to whom religion means little personal.

Under this impulse of curiosity she rose from her bed, pulled the window shutters aside to let in the day, and then went back to examine the alcove.

It held a shrine indeed, an altar to inevitable sacrifice, to the most sacred relics. Beneath the pallid symbol, figure of the Great Renunciation, was placed a closed frame. And all around and about, in ordered array, the records of a boy's life : medals for prowess in different sports ; a cup or two ; a framed certificate of merit ; in front of the frame, a case bulging with letters. Upon each side of the altar hung shelves filled with books, some in the handsome livery of school prizes, some in the battered covers of the much-perused playroom favourite.

Rosamond stood and looked. A moment or two she hesitated, then she began to tremble. There was within her the old desire of flight, the old sick longing to hide away, to bury, to ignore. But something stronger than herself held her. The day was past when she could deny herself to sorrow. The cup was at her lips and she knew that she must drink.

She would open that letter-case, she would gaze at the face in the closed frame ; her coward heart was to be spared no longer.

She took up a volume. As it fell apart she saw the full-page book-plate engraved with the arms of Winchester School and the fine copperplate inscription :

Anno Sæculari 1884.
Præmium in re Mathematica
Meritus et consecutus est Henricus English.
(Hæc olim meminisse juvabit).

The life of Christopher Columbus. . . . It was bound in crimson calf, and the gilt edges of its unopened pages clung crisply together.

She replaced it on the shelf and, with the same dreary mechanical determination, drew forth another. The 'Boy's own Book' ; a veteran, this ; from too much loving usage, dogs'-eared, scored with small grimy finger-prints ; its quaint woodcuts highly coloured here and there by a very juvenile artist.

'To Henry English, on his ninth birthday, from his affectionate mother,' ran the dedication, in a flowing Italian hand. A gift that had made a little lad very happy, some twenty-five years ago.

And now Rosamond's fingers hovered over the case of letters. Well did her heart forebode whose missives lay treasured there.

Nevertheless, the sight of the handwriting struck her like a stab. Not yet could she summon strength to read those close-marked pages. Nay—were they even hers to read?

‘Darling old Mammy—’ this was not for her.

Yet she turned the sheets over and over, lingering upon them. Here was an envelope, endorsed in the same fair running hand as the book: ‘My beloved son’s last letter.’ And here, on a card, was gummed a piece of white heather—memorial of God knows what pretty coquetry between the stalwart soldier and his ‘darling old Mammy.’

What things must people live through—people who dare to love!

Rosamond had never loved. Had she not done well? When love offered itself to her she had been too young to know its face. And now. . . . She dropped the case from her hands as if it burnt her, and stood, poised for flight; then, as if driven by an invincible force, seized upon the closed frame, almost with anger. Fate held her, she could not escape.

Harry English, looking at her! Not the child, not the adolescent, but Harry the man as she, his wife, had known him. Even through the incomplete medium of a photograph, the strong black and white of his colouring, the bold line of his features, the concentrated purposeful expression, was reproduced with an effect of extraordinary vitality.

It seemed almost impossible to think of him as dead who could look at her so livingly from this little portrait.

Old Mary came in hurriedly.

‘Here I am, ma’am, here I am! I heard you call.’

Rosamond lifted dazed eyes. It took a perceptible space of time for the meaning of the words to filter to her brain. Then she said with vague impatience:

‘I did not call.’

‘But you wanted me, surely,’ said the woman. Her glance wandered from the portrait in her new mistress’s hand to the disorder on her old mistress’s altar. ‘Surely you wanted me, ma’am.’

She took a warm wrapper from the bed and folded it round Lady Gerardine. She supported her to an armchair and placed a cushion to her feet. The ministering hands were warm and strong; and Rosamond felt suddenly that in truth she was cold and weak, and that these attentions were grateful to her. She

looked up again at the withered face, ethereally aged, at the blue eyes that seemed illumined from some source not of this world.

‘Perhaps I did want you,’ she said.

A thin, self-absorbed, silent woman was old Mary. She regarded the world as with the gaze of the seer and moved within the small circlet of her duty wrapped in a mystic dignity of her own. Some held her in contempt, as madwoman; others in awe, as having ‘seen things.’

If the manor-house had the reputation of being haunted, it was doubtless due to Mary’s ways. No one from the neighbourhood would have consented to inhabit the ancient place with her. But fortunately Mary had a stout niece of her own, who averred that ghosts were indigestion, and who slept the sleep of the scrubber and the just, no matter what else might walk.

The housekeeper’s strange eyes softened as she looked down into the fair pale face of her young master’s widow.

‘My dear lady that’s gone,’ she said, ‘must be glad to know that there is another heart keeping watch here.’

Her voice was soft and had a muffled sound as of one used to long silence. The tone seemed to harmonise with the singularity of the words. A small cold shiver ran over Rosamond; she stared without replying.

‘The day the news came,’ proceeded the housekeeper, dreamily, ‘she set up that altar to him. And there she found peace.’

As old Mary spoke, the habit of the trained servant was still strong upon her. She stooped to tuck in the fold of Rosamond’s dressing gown closer round her feet.

‘There she prayed,’ she went on, as she straightened herself again, ‘and then, he came back to her in peace.’

Rosamond closed the frame in her hands with a snap. She felt every impulse within her strike out against the mystic atmosphere that seemed to be closing round her.

‘What are you saying?’ she cried sharply. ‘In Heaven’s name what do you mean? Who came back—the dead?’

Old Mary smiled again. She bent over the chair.

‘Why, ma’am,’ she said, as if speaking to a frightened child, ‘you don’t need to be told, a good lady like you: to those that have faith, there is no death.’

‘No death!’ echoed Rosamond. ‘All life is death. Everything is full of death.’

There was a strangling bitterness in her throat that broke forth

in a harsh laugh. The placid room seemed to swim round with her; when she came to herself the servant was holding her hands once more. Her voice was falling into her ears with a measured soothing cadence:

'Not here. There is no death in this house. Don't you feel it, ma'am? It's not death that is here. Why, her that is gone, she passed from me there, in that bed, as the night passes into day. That is not death. Not an hour before the summons came for her she was wandering—as the doctor called it. I knew better. She saw him and was speaking to him. "Ah, Harry," she says, joyful, "I knew you were not dead." And then she turns to me. "He is not dead, Mary," she says, "it was all a mistake."' "

Rosamond listened, her pale lips apart, her gaze dark and wondering.

'Why, ma'am,' went on old Mary. 'Haven't you felt it yourself, this night; didn't you feel his sweet company the minute you set foot in the house? I think it was my lady's great love that brought him back here. And now that she is gone, he's still here. And it's strange, he's here more than she is. She does not come as he does.'

Her eyes became fixed on far-off things. Still clasping Rosamond's hand she seemed to transmit a glow, a warmth that reached to the heart. Rosamond's sick and cowering soul felt at rest as upon a strength greater than her own.

His company! Was that not what she had felt? Was it not that to which she had awakened? Ay, the old woman was right: it was sweet!

'There is no death,' asserted old Mary, once again, 'no death unless we make it. It's our fault if our dead do not live for us; it's our earthly bodies that won't acknowledge the spirit. It's we who make our dead dead, who bury them, who make corpses of them and coffins for them, to hide them away in the cold earth.'

Rosamond wrenched her hands from the wrinkled grasp. She sprang to her feet, seized by a sudden anguish that was actual physical pain.

'Go, go!' she cried wildly. She was caught up as in a whirlwind of unimaginable terror. What had she done? Had she laid Harry English in the grave? Was he dead to her through her own deed, he that had lived on for his mother? Had she in her cowardice hammered him into his coffin, and would he always be a corpse to her because she had made him dead?

Through the inarticulate voices of her torment, she heard the door close and felt she was alone. And then she found herself upon her knees before the little shrine, the photograph case still clenched between her fingers, praying blindly, madly, inarticulately—to what? she knew not. To the white Christ on the cross, who had risen from the dead? Or to the strong soldier whose image she held, and for whom there could be no rising again?

When the storm passed at length she was broken, chilled and unconsolated. Old Mary's words came back to her: 'She prayed there and she got peace.' Well, the mother may have found peace in prayer. But for the wife, there was none! 'He came back in peace'; he had not come back to her—to Rosamond, his wife!

A wave of revolt broke over her; against the God who had invented death for his creatures, or against stupid blind fate disposing of those human lives that have no God.

She rose slowly to her feet; her glance swept the homely room—the bed where the mother had died—to end once again upon the altar. What right had she, the old woman, to lay claim to Rosamond English's husband? The babe, the boy, may have been hers, let her have him! But the man—the man belonged to the wife. 'And ye shall leave father and mother and cleave to one.' 'There is authority for it in your very scriptures,' cried Rosamond, aloud. And, with fingers trembling with passionate eagerness she set to work to rob the frame of its treasure, the shrine of its chief relic.

Soon it lay in her hand, the little clipped photograph. She carried it away, from the altar to the window, and stood a long, long while, devouring it with her gaze. So had he looked. No man had ever bolder, truer eyes. Ah, and no woman but Rosamond had seen them flame into passion—passion that yet then had had no meaning for her who saw! And those lips, folded into sternness, had anyone known them to break into lines of tenderness as they were used for her? None at least, not even his mother, had heard them whisper what they had whispered to the wife—to the wife whose ears had been deaf, then, as a child's, because of her uncomprehending heart!

What was it old Mary had said? 'It is we who make our dead dead.' And had he lived on in this house because of the love of a withered heart, and should he not live again for her, his wife who was young and strong—and still virgin to love?

What she had buried she would dig out of the earth again, were

it with bleeding fingers. That voice should speak once more, were each accent to stab her with its poignancy of loss. He should live, were it to be her death.

With dilated nostrils, panting for breath, her hair floating behind her, beautiful in her thrall of passion like some Valkyrie rising over blood and death, she rushed to the door and summoned Jani with ringing call. There is an exaltation of spirit to which pain is highest joy, and Rosamond ran now to her sorrow as the mystic to his cross.

'Jani!' she called. 'Bring me Captain English's box.'

CHAPTER III.

THE days dropped into the cup of time; measures of light and shade, of waxing and waning, ushered in with pale winter dawns, huddled away in rapid gloomy twilights, according to the precise yearly formula.

But to Rosamond these hours in the forgotten old manor-house on the moorlands, where the winds were the only visitors, brought so great a change that it was as if a gate had been shut upon her former road.

A common prate is that Time works the changes in us. And when we look from the child to the man, it would seem absurd even to raise the question. Yet it is not time that works the mightiest changes. Nay, in the world of the soul time but emphasises. The great upheavals that obliterate in our lives all familiar landmarks—that do alter everything down to our most intimate capacity of feeling, are sometimes but the work of one instant. It is not time that ravages, it is not time that draws the wrinkle seared into the heart; not to time do we owe the spread of the grey, instead of the gold that used to colour the web of existence. A man may carry the singing soul of his April to the death-bed of his old body. Yet again the heart may wither in a span so short as scarce to be measured.

And sometimes a change, so complete that even within our own soul we find ourselves suddenly on foreign ground, will come without any striking external event, without any apparent outside reason. In the life of the soul a crisis has occurred—and lo! the very world of God is different. Nay, God himself is another to us.

During these short wind-swept November days in the green and brown manor-house, there, amid the solitary downs, did such a change come to Rosamond. Had she tried, she could scarce have found her old self again. But she did not try; for this new self was at peace, was wrapt in dreams of great sweetness, and yet awake to a life hitherto not even guessed at.

In the attic room that had been Harry's own, she sat alone. A furious shower was pattering on the tiles close over her head, a drenched ivy spray was beating against the gable window like a frantic thing that wanted shelter, a pair of sparrows were answering each other with defiant chirrup. Far below in the house, Aspasia was lustily calling upon a recreant kitten. In the moorland silence these few trivial sounds became insistent, and yet seemed but to assert the silence itself.

She was seated at the wide battered old writing-table which schoolboy Harry English had scored with penknife and chisel, burned and inkstained. Before her a small writing-desk was spread open, and two or three letters lay loosely under her clasped hands. Her eyes were musingly fixed upon the rain-beaten pane with the knocking ivy branch; her lips were parted by a vaguely recurrent smile. And, as the smile came and went, a transient red glowed faintly upon her cheeks. . . . The world for her now was not upon the edge of winter: it was spring. She was not Rosamond Gerardine, out of touch with life, she was not Rosamond English, widow—she was Rosamond Tempest, maid once more, on the threshold of her life, at the April of the year. And Harry English was her lover. And yet she was a Rosamond Tempest such as he had never known—such a Rosamond Tempest as had never yet existed.

She took the letter that lay uppermost to her hand. It was dated Saltwoods. Written here—at this very desk, no doubt. Perhaps with this very ivory penholder, fluted, yellow, stained, while he sat in this same Windsor chair. . . . Unconsciously she caressed the worn wooden arms whereon his arms must have rested. Then again she set herself to read:—

‘Saltwoods, 19th April.’

On that April 19, all those years ago, he was thinking of her, writing to her! And she—so many miles away, shut in by the dreariest prison walls fate had ever built round a young impatient soul—had then not the faintest hint of her deliverer's approach.

DEAR MISS TEMPEST,—I daresay you have quite forgotten me. I was the youngest griffin, just before the old Colonel's death. I hope you will not think it a great impertinence in me to write like this to you; but my leave is up in a week or so, and I don't like to leave England without having seen your father's daughter again. I can never forget how kind he was to me—and your mother too. It made all the difference to me; such a young fool as I was, and so new to India and everything. I find I know some of the fellows at Fort Monkton, and I'm going to stop there a few days. May I call—and if so, when?

Yours sincerely,

HARRY ENGLISH.

P.S.—I've only just found out where you are.

To Rosamond—most unwilling inmate in a household where, if she was not actually a burden, the smallness of her pittance rendered her certainly no material gain—this letter had brought a sort of vision of the past, a gleam of bygone light which made the present even more intolerable by contrast. It had been something to her to think that she should meet someone at last belonging to her old life, someone who had known her in those glamorous years of her happiness, someone straight from the magic shores that had held her in her happy years.

From eight to sixteen had Rosamond Tempest spent her life between the little hill station, the refuge of their hot season, and the historic old northern town where her father's duty lay—a sort of little Princess Royal, with a hundred devoted slaves and a score of gallant young courtiers, the imperious favourite of the whole station, native and white alike. . . . Oh the rides in the dawn! oh the picnics by moonlight! the many-coloured, vivid days that went with such swing, where every man almost was a hero, where the very air seemed full of the romance of frontier fights, of raids, and big game hunts, of 'Tiger, tiger, burning bright' in jungle haunts! . . . It had been surely the cruellest stroke of fate that had thrust the little spoilt girl, the beloved only child, from this pinnacle of bliss and importance!

Between one day and another Rosamond had become the penniless orphan, whom nobody wanted . . . whom it was so kind of Major and Mrs. Carter to escort back to England, whom it was almost superhumanly good of Uncle and Aunt Baynes to admit into their family.

'A self-centered child,' said Mrs. 'General Baynes.' 'A cold-blooded little wretch,' opined her cousins. Well, it was a fact that, during the four years that elapsed between her departure from India and the receipt of Captain English's letter, Rosamond had not given a human being one word, one look in confidence. . . .

Late April on the Hampshire coast, with the gorse breaking into gorgeous yellow flame, honey-sweet in the sunshine; with the white clouds scurrying across a blue sky, chased by the merriest madcap wind that ever scampered; with the waves breaking from afar off, dashing up a thousand diamonds falling over and over each other in their race for the beach, roaring on the shingle in clamorous good-fellowship, the foam creaming in ever wider circles. And, across the leaping belt of waters, green and amber and white, the island, flashing too: the windows and roofs of the happy-looking town throwing back the sun glances, set in smooth slopes, mildly radiating green, like chrysoprase and peridot. . . .

Rosamond had dropped the letter from her hand; again she was dreaming. Not the plaint of the November wind round the gable roof of Saltwoods in her ears, but the chant of this April chorus on Alverstoke beach. Not the monotonous ting of Aspasia's finger exercise from the room below, but the irregular boom and thud of gun practice far out at sea, brought in by the gust. And the voice that fell into silence so far away between the wild Indian hills was speaking to her again. And she heard, heard for the first time. . . .

Rosamond Gerardine, virgin of heart through her two marriages, was being wooed! And the virgin in her was trembling and troubled, as womanhood awoke. . . . He held her hands and looked into her eyes. His cheeks were pale under their bronze, his lips trembled—'Could you trust me? Do you think me mad? I've only known you four days, but I've dreamt of you, all my life . . . Rosamond!'

The sea wind was eddying round them, the grasses at Rosamond's feet were nodding like mad things in the gusts. Her hair was whipped against her face. So, on this English shore, with the taste of the salt in their mouths, with the wild salt moist winds all about them—this Englishman wooed this English girl, to come away and be his love in the burning East. Yes, she could trust him. Who could look into his true eyes and not trust him? But then it was the thought of the East, the East of her lost childhood's joy, that won her. Now, back in England's heart, from an East abhorred, to the loathing as of blood and cruelty, it was the lover, it was the love!

Again she felt the touch of his first kiss. He had sought her

lips, but she had turned her cheek. Now—the blood rushed up into her face; her heart beat faster, almost a faintness crept over her. She dropped her head upon her out-stretched arms, her burning cheek upon his letter . . . again his strong arms held her.

Once more they parted at the gate of the house that was her prison. He was going back to India in ten days, and she would go with him, confidently, gladly!

She walked up the path between the straggling wallflowers, the pungent marigolds, into the mean narrow hall. Then her only thought had been of sailing away from that sordid genteel abode, back to fair India, the land of her dreams. Now—now, as across these years she re-lived that great day of her youth, her heart was swooning over the memory of his kiss; her brain was filled with a vision of his tender trembling lips; of the light in his eyes as he looked back at her, of the swing of his broad shoulders as he rounded the crescent towards the fort.

Miss Aspasia Cuninghame was in a decidedly bad temper. To be home again, in England, to have unlimited opportunity of working out the Leschetizky method on a superfine Steinway piano, the most complete immunity from interfering uncles, from social duties, philistine secretaries and attachés, appeared a most delightful existence—in theory. But, in practice it was dull. Yes, dull was the word.

With four fingers pressing four consecutive notes while the remaining digit hammered away, vindictively, at the fifth; with pouting lip out-thrust, she had reached the point of telling herself that even India was better than this.

‘Horrid place,’ ran Baby’s angry cogitation, while the finger conscientiously drummed, ‘nothing but those stupid trees and that deadly moor, and the birds’ chirp, chirp, and not a neighbour within miles; or if there were, with Aunt Rosamond not wanting to see a soul; not even the curate—and he’s got eyes like marbles!’

Aspasia gave a little titter and changed the drumming finger from the third to the fourth. This was a less elastic member; and she grew pink with unconscious energy, while pursuing the inner monologue.

‘I do think that disgusting Major Bethune might have given us some sign of life. People have no business to look into people’s

eyes like that, and press people's hands, and then go off and mean nothing at all. Not,' said Baby, blowing out her nostrils with a fine breath of scorn, 'that one ever thought of him in that way. But he—oh, he's just a horrid wretch like the rest! All the nice ones die, I think. At least, I've never met any.'

She brought down the left hand in its turn, with a crash, on the five notes; and the fine discord seemed to have relieving effect. The reflections proceeded in a softer vein.

'Harry English—he must have been a dear.' She turned her head to look for the inevitable portrait. There was scarce a room in Saltwoods that did not hold two or three presentments of him; sketches, most of them, by the faithful, forcible hand of the artist mother; photographs, too, in well-nigh every stage of the boy's development. Even Aspasia, positive, practical, unimaginative, could not but have fallen under the influence of the haunting presence. And in her actual mood of disillusion with Raymond Bethune, the ante-room of her girl's heart, that airy space open to all the winds, where so many come, pause, and go, was now, half in idleness, half in contradiction, consecrate to the image of gallant Harry English.

'How Aunt Rosamond could!' she thought, as she dreamily fixed her eyes upon that charcoal sketch which held one panel of the drawing-room, and which had been Mrs. English's last work. It was a much enlarged copy of the photograph on the shrine, and, whether by some unconscious transcription of her own sorrow, or whether her mother eyes had discovered in the little picture some stern premonition of his own approaching fate, the artist had given the strong bold face an expression that was almost bitter in its melancholy.

'How Aunt Rosamond could——' thought the girl, 'when she had been loved by such a man, ever, ever have looked at anyone else? Fancy—the Runkle!' Ah, if Aspasia had been loved by English, how nobly she would have borne her widowhood! Her heart, of course, would have been absolutely, completely broken; she would have gone about in deep, deep widow's weeds. And strangers, looking after her, noticing the sweet pale face amid the crape, would ask who she was and would be told in whispers: the widow of the hero of the Baroghil expedition. 'Ah, it would have been sweet to have been loved by you, Harry English!'

Her hands fell from the piano; her soul was away upon a dream as vague and innocent as it was absorbing. Too often did the

Leschetizky method end in this manner. The while Rosamond, high in her attic, dreamed that she was a girl once more, and that she had just been told that Harry English loved her.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE WAS sunshine enough without to have tempted the most obstinate recluse into the fields. But as little as she had heeded November rain did Rosamond now heed the brightness of this opening December. While the old attic room held her bodily presence, her soul was once again back in the past. The past . . . where, after all, she had not lived, and which (strange poignant lesson of fate!) was now to become to her more living than the present.

Those letters, those early memorials, the very thought of which had once inspired dread, now drew her like a magnet. Scarcely could she give herself to the necessary facts of life, so impatiently did she long for those solitary hours in his room, with him!

Every trifling note of his was pored over, dreamt upon in its turn. She had it in her to have lingered days upon a single line. Yet there was the sweetness of a tender surprise in every fresh sheet she took into her hands. And now it was her first 'love letter' that she held.

It had come to her in the morning after their meeting in the salt wind, amid the gorse; had been brought to her—in the ugly top bedroom—on a basket brimming over with flowers. She could see them again, breathe them again: hot-house roses, languid-white and heavy-headed yellow, a huge clump of heliotrope, lily of the valley bound by its pale green sheaths, sharp-scented, waxen . . . then the narcissus, the jonquil, the darling commoner herd of spring things that had pushed their way in the open gardens! All this to Rosamond, starved of beauty, Rosamond who was wont to fill her vases with the budding boughs that the hedges give the gardenless! She had buried her face in the velvet coolness, drawn in the perfume as if she was drawing in the loveliness to her soul. Through the waste of those ten years she could again feel the touch of the petals on her cheek—she was back again, back again in her maidenhood and held her first love letter between her hands. Was it possible that the faded nondescript leaf that fell from between its pages

had once been part of that exquisite basketful that could still bloom for her ?

Darling (wrote Harry English) these are all I can send you. I wanted to send you roses, love, worthy of my Rose, the only Rose, of Rosamond, Rose of the World ! I half dreamed of them last night, red, red, glowing, deep-scented like my love for you. I can find nothing but these pale mawkish things, far though I have hunted this morning ! . . .

This morning—and it was now but nine o'clock. How early he must have risen ! It was not the Rosamond, the hard young untouched Rosamond of those old days, who thought thus with a mist before the eyes ; it was the new Rosamond whose heart was beginning to teach her so many things.

Early had the lover risen indeed !

I could not sleep (went on the letter) for sheer tumult of happiness. I saw the dawn break over the water out on the sea bastion of this old fort. The sea was quite wrapt in mist, and I and my heart seemed first alone high up in the air, with the wash of the invisible waters below and the restless tapping of the flag line on the staff over my head. And then the dawn came. It seemed to me the first dawn I had ever beheld, I, who have marched through many an Indian night and seen such fires as England never dreams of. But I look upon the world with new eyes. The meaning of things has become clear to me. I never saw beauty before I saw you ; and through you, all other beauty is fulfilled to me. Grey and dove-coloured and pearl, faint roses and yellows and opals—the mists first became impregnated with all lovely tints and then rolled away. Then there was a straight ray of sun across the sea at my feet, and the water was gold and green. Glorious ! Why do I write all this to you ? I have never even thought of such things before. Will you laugh at me ? I, who have known you for such a little while ? But I have waited for you all the years of my manhood—this much I know at least. And you, who are the meaning of everything to me now, you will know the meaning of my heart.

All the meaning of her lover to Rosamond Tempest, in the top room over the straggling back garden, had been that he was her deliverer from an existence of utter negation. She had read his words with the same pleasure with which she had gazed upon his flowers, inhaled their fragrance : it had represented a new atmosphere of colour and beauty !

But now, as she bent over that faded leaf and read those vivid words from a hand long dust, her whole being gave itself responsive to the love that still spoke.

In the garden below, under the nipped frost-bitten leaves, *Aspasia* poked about for hidden violets. From its bare brown stalks she had already culled the last dwindled *chrysanthemum*. When Rosamond and she, in the marshalled palace of Sir Arthur, had

planned this homely occupation, it had seemed an almost deliriously joyful prospect of freedom. Now, such is the futility of the granted wish, Aspasia, as she flicked with impatient fingers among the wet foliage, was a prey to that abandonment of melancholy which is rarely known in its perfection after twenty. Indeed, poor Baby's outlook upon the world that December noon was a pitiable one. The only man she could have loved was dead before she had even known him! Another man, whom she was certain she could never have cared for, displayed the most reprehensible indifference as to whether he were as much as remembered. And those wonderful piano recitals of the gifted young genius, Miss Aspasia Cuninghame, seemed hopelessly remote.

She could not even muster a smile for the kitten as it suddenly cantered across the path, every individual hair bristling, body contorted, and legs stiffened, to box a hanging leaf and fall prone on its back with four paws wildly beating the air. The very kitten was part of the general unsatisfactoriness of things. When she did have the heart to play with it, it was never to be found: but it had a Puck-like knowledge of the ripe moment when to mock her misery.

Indeed, the claims of the eager young life were somewhat neglected in this old home of dreams.

Aspasia walked, in royal dignity of dolour, back to the house, set the violets in two shallow vases, and the chrysanthemum in a high narrow one. She placed the portable easel upon the open leaf of the grand piano; she detached from its panel the portrait of Captain English with the sad stern face, propped it on the easel, arranged her flowers round it, all with the solemn air of one going through a religious rite. Then she sat down, heaved a noisy sigh from the depth of her little round chest, and began to play those throbbing strains of passion, yearning disappointment, and sorrow that, the legend says, came to Chopin one day, through the beat of raindrops against his window panes, as he waited for her who failed him.

Baby had begun to find out that even in so serious an art as music those paltry things, the emotions, will insist on finding expression. She was in a very pretty state of artistic woe when, with a sudden discord, the love notes fell mute. From the shadowy window-seat a tall figure had risen and come forward: eyes, ablaze with anger, were fixed upon her from a white and threatening face.

'Aunt Rosamond! . . .' stammered the girl, too much startled to do anything but sit and stare.

'How dare you?' said Lady Gerardine, in a low voice, hardly above a whisper indeed, but charged with intense anger. She walked up to the piano and stood looking a second at the altar-like arrangement; then her eyes returned to Aspasia, who now blushed violently, guiltily, in spite of an irrepressible childish desire to giggle.

'You shameless girl!' said Rosamond. 'How dare you! What have you to do with him?' She took up the picture. 'He is mine,' she said, 'mine only!' Then, holding it clasped to her breast, she swept from the room.

'Upon my word!' said Miss Aspasia. 'Good gracious goodness me!' Resentment got the better of amusement; her cheeks were flaming scarlet, she struck a series of defiant chords, as a sort of war cry in pursuit of the retreating figure. 'Shameless girl, indeed; I've as much right to him, by this time, as anybody else, I should think. In heaven there's no marriage or giving in marriage . . . and, if it comes to that, what about Runkle then?'

She plunged into the noisiest, most dishevelled Wagner-Liszt piece of her repertory; crashed, banged, and pounded till the staid old manor-house seemed to ring with amazement, and the exasperated player, with flying hands, loosened hair, empurpled countenance and panting breath, could hardly keep her seat in the midst of her own gymnastics.

Henceforth there was one room in the manor-house without its presiding picture. And, opposite Rosamond's bed, where the tender child's face had once watched the mother's slumbers, the soldier now looked down sternly and sadly upon the wife.

(To be continued.)

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